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MINE!

BY MRS. G. L. BANKS.

I love thee, I love thee, as dearly as when
We plighted our troth in the spring-time of life:
The tempests of years have swept o'er us since then,
Yet affection survives both in husband and wife.

No love that the poet e'er fabled of yore
Could vie in its depth or endurance with mine;
No miser could treasure his glittering store
As I hoard in my heart every love-tone of thine!

No babe could repose on a fond mother's breast
More calmly confiding than I do on thine;
I fly to thy arms as a bird to its nest,
For shelter and safety, dear husband of mine!

Ay, "Mine, and mine only!" Oh, joy passing words
To carol this song in my innermost heart!
While "Thine, and thine only!" the vibrating chords
Shall echo till sense, life, and feeling depart!

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"MRS. FEARS-KIENON has won her way," he said to himself, without having turned his face towards the occupants of the carriage. "They have driven into Torquay, instead of Miss Glenorris fulfilling that ridiculous project she mentioned at lunch, of looking in on Agatha."

Then he turned back into the Eastmouth road, and cantered homewards. But, a little way farther on than where the carriage had passed Mr. Pardy, there was a narrow lane which led back to the cliffs north of Merlswood, and at the foot of this lane Joy left her carriage.

"If you can bring that music, I shall be glad, Anne," she said ignoring Mrs. Fears-Kienon, who leaned at ease in her corner; "but do not take any trouble."

"Joy knows," observed Kate, looking amiably upon her, "that we are always charmed to put ourselves at her service."

"Good-bye," nodded Joy carelessly, and went on her way, walking swiftly yet thoughtfully along the narrow Devon lanes until she crossed a grassy hill at last, and reached the shabby little house upon the cliffs.

Jessie Porch, standing in the open doorway, could not have heard the footsteps, for she started painfully at sight of Miss Glenorris, and shrank back into the shadow of the passage.

"Is it not cold for you?" inquired Joy, who, canopied in sealskin as she was, shuddered to see the girl stand there with nothing over her black dress.

"No; I like the wind," said Jessie. "Why did you come—to-day, Miss Glenorris?"

"I want to feel sure you will both be at the concert to-night," said Joy, in her frank way. "I told your sister I would see that you were protected safely home afterwards, and she said she would think it over."

"Yes, Agatha said so," returned Jessie absently.

"I wanted to try once more to persuade her to sing," continued Miss Glenorris, "or you to play."

"I never play—except to my sister," said the girl simply.

"Then I will not urge you. May I see Miss Porch?"

"Not to-day. Agatha will not sing, though she sings beautifully; she does everything well. Don't wait, Miss Glenorris; please go. Agatha is tired—I think. Why did you come to-day?"

"I wished you to have the change," began Joy, with the gentleness of pure compassion; but Jessie's appealing gaze silenced her. "I will leave it entirely to you," she said offering her hand, quite sure that her presence distressed and even alarmed Jessie, and quite as sure that Agatha was near and avoiding her; "you understand best."

"I do not understand," whispered Jessie, with a little gasp, as she seized the hand of the younger girl, "but Agatha will."

"We will leave it to Agatha, then," said Joy, with her kind smile; and her lovely eyes were a little clouded as she went out again upon the cliffs and slowly crossed the hill.

As she paused at the gate before passing out into the narrow lane, a horseman rode towards her along it, and something in the horse's tread, before she turned, made her pulses quicken.

"Alone?" asked Lester, dismounting and opening the gate for her.

"Yes," she answered negligently, "because I like my own way, and would not go into Torquay even after I had ordered the carriage on purpose to do so; I like to be alone."

"I know you do," he said, though he walked coolly beside her, back on the way he had just come, his horse's bridle over his arm; "and while I can never prevent it, of course I ought not to regret it. I take upon myself no right to interfere in any act of yours; but a man must speak out now and then, and I wish"—very earnestly—"you would not go to the Moat. It may sound unkind from me, but I wish you would put Miss Porch entirely out of your life. Any kindness you show to her is wholly wasted, and worse than wasted. I feel certain of this, though I am in the dark about her—entirely! It is not for me to go to their house, else I should plead with you more effectually."

"No, you would not," said the girl; "you would be as sorry for them as I am."

"Not until I understood," he answered. "But will you not trust me and avoid Miss Porch? Just in that one thing listen to me!"

"No, I cannot," she said gravely.

"Then you will wilfully encourage what may become a real and distinct trouble for you," he answered, with great heat.

There was a silence after that, he still walking at her side and she afraid of glancing into his angry face; but the silence grew oppressive to her presently, and she broke it.

"Is this one of the ways to your farm?"

"Yes." Another little silence, and then he quietly asked her forgiveness for his impatience. "It is inexcusable in me," he said, "to worry you about coming here, while Mrs. Kienon and her daughter worry you about going elsewhere. We all ought to help, not hinder you. But you are very patient."

"No, no—indeed I'm not!" she cried; but he did not heed her interruption.

"I wish I could recollect myself in time," he said. "That I feel deeply anxious for you is no excuse for my making you uneasy as I recollect when it is too late."

"Is not that the soldier's art," asked the girl, with an effort at perfect ease, "to 'fight first, think afterwards'? I suppose men don't tire of thinking as we do? I dare say their thoughts aren't so jumbled as ours. I'm often and often tired of it!"

"Of thinking? Yes, I can readily believe it," he said; "but not of solitude—yet."

"No, I love it. To-day, when you came up to me, I was delighting in the wonderful majestic solitude of these cliffs."

"That is one thing. It is another to know—as I do—real 'midnight loneliness.'"

She had paused at a gate that would lead her over the fields into the Merlswood park and here he knew he was to leave her; but she was only standing by the gate yet, and had not attempted to pass it. Westward the old gray church stood upon the height between them and the last rays of the sinking sun, and the golden glory cast around the little temple was made more beautiful by the deep tints of the northern sky.

"Perhaps," said the girl very thoughtfully, "every one has a companion sorrow all through life. A few Sundays ago I went with Anne to a church at Babbacombe, and the preacher said—among other things intended to comfort us—'Don't fret that others have money and you have not; there is something better than money coming to you.' I have the money, I cannot have the something better too."

The sound of a brisk firm footstep served as the interruption Lester wished for; and Dr. Calmady walked up to them on the way they had come. He volunteered that he had been to the Moat, but hastened to add that it was Bridget McInney he had tried to see, because a lodger of hers was not well.

"A study for me," he said. "The old villain has lived in the heart of civilization for eighty years, yet has never entered a church since he was ten, and cannot read. But suddenly last night—so he told me—he remembered a text he had heard at his mother's funeral—seventy years ago. It has lain in the brain undisturbed by another all through those long seventy years. Odd!"

"The brain is your especial study, is it not, Doctor Calmady?" inquired Miss Glenorris; but, as he characteristically kept his eyes down while he answered in the affirmative, he could not notice Lester's quick keen glance along the road he had just come.

"Now, Miss Glenorris, my wife and I are staying at the Knoll, you know; so may I bear you company across the fields and park?"

"And so mental illness is your favorite study, Doctor Calmady?" repeated the girl, just to make conversation, after they had parted from Lester and turned into the first field, the red flame deepening in the west. "I hope you have very little opportunity of pursuing it out here."

"Very little," he said, with suspicious haste. "But even here I am what my wife's old nurse calls 'on the stud.'"

"There is no cause to make you anxious?"

"Oh, no!" he said, and turned the conversation, she never guessing how his thoughts were puzzled with the mystery which always worried him concerning herself and Mr. Lester of the Glen Farm.

* * * * * *

Every chair in the great Justice-room was occupied, and gentlemen were standing in the only space that had been left for passing up and down the room. Evidently the very uncertainty of what was coming was an incentive to enjoyment; every one seemed happy and interested, and the applause was most hearty. Joy Glenorris had spoken to most of the people before the concert began, and had several times changed her seat quietly in the intervals; but she had looked in vain for either of the sisters from the Moat, until it was too late longer to expect them, for all was over save the singing of the National Anthem.

Sir Hussay Vickery, standing beside the platform, suddenly proposed in his dominant clear tones that the audience, one and all, should prevail upon Miss Glenorris to sing. The applause began before he finished speaking, and the noise became deafening. Joy looked round, her face growing pale, her eyes troubled.

"Please—oh, please excuse me to them!" she said to Mr. Pardy, who, as usual, hovered near; and he turned and looked at the people and tried to begin to do so.

But they would have none of him, and the clapping was redoubled, and continued until Joy left her seat and stepped upon the platform, still very pale, but very beautiful in this shyness of her real surprise. Only when her fingers touched the notes of the piano did the applause cease, and then she glanced for a moment down the crowded room.

"If I sang, I should sing 'In the Gloaming.'" She remembered how conclusively she said this, in the certainty of not singing at all, and what answer the words had won. She knew exactly where Lester stood; but she did not let her eyes even touch him in passing. She struck softly the opening chords of the symphony of "In the Gloaming," and looked beyond the piano to the leaves and flowers on the wall as she played the opening symphony again. It sounded a little odd this time, and Leonora Nelson, who was a thorough musician, grew fidgety, and put on her glasses, as if she expected to be called to Miss Glenorris's rescue in this inexplicable emergency. In another minute she could follow the modulation.

"She is going into Haydn," she whispered to Mr. Hurd. "How pretty! She has changed her mind, and is going to sing 'My mother bids me bind my hair'; but she is positively nervous all the same."

"She is all right. Take off your pince-nez, and be at rest."

Others besides Miss Nelson had detected the girl's nervousness when she began to sing; but it soon vanished, and it was with intense enjoyment that they listened to the sweet old song—

"The village sleeps asleep or dead
Now Lubin is away."

When the repeated words and the last soft lingering note died away, a very burst of applause broke from the people—not because they had criticised the performance and found it perfect—simple, unaffected, as all real pathos is never sentimental, ringing true with genuine love and regret—but because the song touched them and because they loved the singer. Mr. Meredith spoke up and said they ought not to demand another song from Miss Glenorris, and the room grew comparatively silent, while Joy, still strangely pale, looked down the long room. This time she met Lester's eyes, and something of their warm unutterable gladness was reflected in her own. The color came back into her cheeks, and, after only a moment's pause, she played an exquisite little gavotte, which was so short as to make its charm like a dream.

"To think," Leonora said to her lover, with a smile and sigh of pleasure, "that I could have been afraid for her!"

Then the whole audience rose for the National Anthem, and in less than an hour the last of the lingerers had left Merlswood, and the old house stood very quiet under the winter stars, while the year drew to its close.

Remembering Rachel's absence, and feeling that the servants would all be tired to-night, while she herself wished to sit up to greet the coming year, Joy had not intended to ring her bell; but when she entered her room she found the strange maid there. So Miss Glenorris had her dress taken off, and her hair plaited into one thick bright coil; then, in her dressing-gown, she sat before the blazing fire, and told the maid she might go.

"But what is your name?" she asked, turning kindly to her.

The young woman begged mademoiselle would call her what would be least trouble—"Rawshell" perhaps, after her own maid.

"But," said mademoiselle drolly, "I never did call my own maid 'Rawshell.'"

Any name mademoiselle liked. The time of her stay was unfortunately to be so short, it scarcely signified; but her own name was Lizette, the young woman said, moving fleetly about the room.

What a contrast she was in every way to Rachel! Joy thought her eyes calmly critical. She had yellow hair, worn short under her cap, and curled thickly over her forehead down to the very eyebrows, which looked only dusky, while her hair was distinctly yellow. The color in her cheeks was brilliant enough to be hectic; her movements were swift and careless, in spite of unusually thick and heavy clothing; and she talked volubly during her tasks, with an English accent, but a glib use of French words.

Would mademoiselle kindly assure herself that all her jewels were safe, and her keys?—she, Lizette, being painfully nervous over any responsibility.

"Oh, you are not responsible for my jewels or my keys!" said Joy, tired of the woman's chatter and restlessness. "If you see any of my keys about, just put them beside that casket. Why, the key is in it!"

"It was in when I entered, mademoiselle," declared the new maid, every alternate word in French; and just then Miss Glenorris, watching her in her calm way noticed a strange nervous opening and closing of the fingers of her right hand.

"You may go," she said, rising and turning her face away. "Do not come in the morning until you hear my bell. They may tell you that Rachel does, but I wish not to be disturbed to-morrow—before I ring." And Joy Glenorris, always so considerate for her servants, gave no word or sign in answer to the respectful French "Good-night."

This new trouble—inexplicable as it was—had taken from the girl all peaceful feeling as she sat waiting for the dawn of the new year, doubly a new year to her; and it robbed her too, of the tranquilizing sleep which she so much needed afterwards.

"I should have liked," she said patiently, as she rose from her pillows in the early morning, "a little sleep before this day, that ought to be so good for me."

The fire burnt brightly, for she had fed it through the restless night, and she took her bath and dressed unaided, but though her morning cup of tea would have refreshed her inexpressibly, she would not ring. When she was dressed, she looked into the quaint old casket where she kept her keys, and missed at once the bunch that opened the table-drawers and the wainscoted recesses in the library, which had been Mr. Glenorris's private room. This gave her no surprise; and closing her dressing-room door, she went quietly down the broad oak staircase, unseen by any of the servants, who were busy at their early morning tasks. Once it occurred to her—in the pain of a new loneliness—to go to Anne; but she put the thought aside—this was, so far, only a suspicion of her own.

As she opened the library door, the strange maid, who stood at the great oak writing-table with her back to the door, started, speaking instantly with flurried haste.

"My mistress has sent me for a paper ——"

She had made so sure it was one of the servants that, when, in the silence following her nervous falsehood, she turned and saw Miss Glenorris, who had closed the door behind her, she caught at the table with both hands, as if she feared to fall; and the high false color on her cheeks was more appalling than any pallor.

"Miss Porch," said Joy, her own face very white, but her soft voice quite steady, "you have no mistress here—as you know. Why have you stooped to this masquerading? I suppose you are seeking that will of which you have spoken to me, though you always professed to disbelieve in its existence. Did my housekeeper know who you were and what you meant to do when she arranged or consented for you to come here?"

"No," answered Agatha, startled into brief and true replies.

"You came as a French maid recommended by Miss Porch? I see. You came to look for that will, though, in any case, it cannot be your property—no, you are right in your glance, it cannot be mine either—and I mean you to finish your search." As she spoke she rang the bell, calmly giving her orders to the servant who answered it. "Put a light to the fire, please, and send breakfast in here for me and—my maid. Let no one else disturb me. Now," she added, when the man had closed the door behind him, "you have all the keys. Look wherever you please, and I will sit here and countenance your search. You may prolong it as you choose. Afterwards you may leave Merlswood, but the search you came on purpose to make you shall complete."

"I will wait," said Agatha sharply; she had dropped all disguise, save what she could not drop, her rouge and her padded dress.

"No," returned Joy, very quietly in her strong self-control, "while you are voluntarily here as my maid you must obey my orders, and this is my last. You need not recollect that I am here"—taking up a book to show she had no more to say—"seek as you did before I came in."

Though she tried hard to fix her attention upon the page before her, all the words she saw were Lester's warning words when he had spoken of Miss Porch; and while she mechanically turned the pages she was only forming her own resolutions never to humiliate herself by telling him of this morning's discovery.

And this was Sunday—and New Year's Day—and her birthday! All day she might be kept in this room, with those worrying faint suggestive sounds behind her—the opening and closing of drawers, the stealthy unfolding of papers, the slow step, the rustling dress, the very breathing of her companion. In vain she tried not to hear; yet what puzzled her most of all was the odd fancy that, if she looked round, she would see the old tapestry on the walls, the twelve watchful apostles standing round the room, and the child's worn and rusty toys hanging above them.

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS the park the chimes came softly from the white steeple of the beautiful new church, and still the search went on in the library at Merlswood. The servant had delivered his message effectually, for nobody came to disturb his young mistress; and she wondered what Anne thought she could be doing in Mr. Glenorris's room on this Sunday morning. Her reading had become a mere pretence, for her thoughts were far too busy to follow the printed words, while those faint suggestive sounds went on behind her.

Surely the morning service must be over now; yet still the weary search went on, with the same stealthy suppression of all distinct sound.

Gradually there came over Joy a strange feeling of compassion for this unwearied seeker. If the search fatigued her—Joy—only waiting in idle indifference for its termination, how far, far more wearying must it be to the seeker! Would the strong hope in her die after this careful fruitless search, and would its death be very terrible? The girl—so keen to sympathize—longed to turn and speak, but she had promised to leave Miss Porch undisturbed, and she kept her promise.

Mid-day passed, and she had heard the return of the church-goers, before Agatha came up to the fire and spoke.

"The will is not here, or rather I cannot find it."

"Had you reason to suppose it was here?" inquired Miss Glenorris, rising in her intense relief at being able to move freely and speak again.

"Yes; I do not believe it has been destroyed, and—one likes justice done."

"One does indeed," assented Joy. "In what other room would you like to look—another day?"

"I think possibly in the late Mr. Glenorris's bed-room," began Agatha.

Joy looked straight up into her face, past her right hand moving restlessly to and fro on the table.

"You shall look where you will if you come to me first. I will countenance you at any time, as I have to-day."

"We must, I suppose, go from your cottage, Miss Glenorris?" asked Agatha, with a cold glance into the girl's troubled face.

"No. Why should I do such a mean thing as to ask you that? I am only very sorry for you to have this hope so strong, and so apparently unrealizable. If you like to stay at the cottage, do. You will go from here, of course, at once."

"Certainly," said Miss Porch, with a sharp accent.

"If you remained, you would be recognized, and then you would indeed have cause to regret this step; but I tell you honestly I would not let you remain in this disguise under any circumstances. But you shall complete your search when you choose."

She moved towards the door as she spoke and Agatha seemed prepared to follow her, when suddenly—with but scant politeness, though with a good motive—she passed Miss Glenorris and had disappeared before Joy locked the door. When she entered her dressing-room, she found Anne there awaiting her, so she told this trusty friend the truth, only stipulating that no one else should hear it; and she actually laughed at last to see the consternation that widened Miss Kienon's small expressive eyes.

"I never trusted her," Anne said. "She tried to ingratiate herself with mother and Kate before you came. She reminds me of how Pepys used to think it convenient to keep in with the So-and-Soes against a bad day, in case he should have occasion to make use of them. I must go, Joy, for I told Keats not to serve luncheon until I let him know you were at liberty. You must be hungry."

There was no appearance of this in the way Joy took her lunch, and it was a dull meal, in spite of Mrs. Pears-Kienon's lively curiosity as to the girl's method of spending her morning.

"It was very awkward for us," complained Mrs. Kienon. "So many people stopped to inquire if you were ill; and of course we could only parry the questions. It was quite too eccentric to say you were shut up among Mr. Glenorris's papers on a Sunday morning during service-hours."

"I'm going to the old church this afternoon," said Joy, rising, and looking indifferently out upon the clouds on the horizon. "Will you wrap up and come, Anne? We can go straight from there to the Knoll."

Anne's consent was full of pleasure. A peaceful service in the quaint little church on the hill—where no brief emblazoned Eighth Commandment faced her—was a pure delight to Anne, and possible rain never kept her indoors.

"There is a still more picturesque way to this church," she observed, as the two cousins crossed the fields where Joy and Doctor Calmady had walked together on the previous day, "round the cliffs and passing directly through the Glen Farm; but I have told you of it before, haven't I?"

"Yes."

The service had begun when they entered the church—only scantily filled on this threatening afternoon—but the rheumatic old clerk came briskly from his desk and led them up to the foremost of the low old oaken benches. The simple unemotional country service gave Joy just the feeling of rest she needed, yet no one looking into her eyes could imagine sleepiness there. It was not until the sermon had begun that she looked half round, and to her great surprise saw Gervys Lester. Slowly from his face she raised her gaze in a rather over-acted manner to study the colored window above him where Jairus's daughter, wearing green rosettes in her hair, held a reception from her rose-colored bed, one elbow resting on a round blue bolster handsomely tasselled with scarlet. After that slow appreciative scrutiny, Joy turned her head calmly away again and looked round no more.

"We are all among the crowd pressing to hear our Saviour's words, but which is the woman who, in her great faith, goes forward and dares to touch the hem of His garment?"

The preacher's words almost startled Joy as he wound up his sermon, for it had seemed to her only one minute ago that he began.

It must have been Miss Kienon's fancy that, when Mr. Lester overtook them at the churchyard gate and gave Joy birthday greetings, she shivered.

"How different from yesterday afternoon!" Lester said, detaining them. "Do you remember the sunset then, Miss Glenorris?"

She was leaning against the gate, and by chance her eyes rested on the upright stone near which he stood, and she involuntarily read the words upon it—

> "So thus God wrought with me His plan;
> Yet still for my appointed span
> I feel I am the better man
> For having wed and wept for her."

"What a dismal churchyard this is!" she cried. "Come, Anne!"

But Anne, looking straight along another churchyard path, asked whether that was not the way to the Glen Farm.

"Yes," answered Lester. "You enter the churchyard that way when you come from Merlswood by the cliffs and through the Glen Farm."

"I should like to hold the Glen Farm," said Joy hurriedly, "and that path would be open to me."

"It is open to you now, Miss Glenorris," rejoined Lester composedly. "Do not hesitate at any time to use it; I am not such a bear as to object to that."

"But I object!" she cried, in childish petulance. "I like to pass through because it is right, not because you give me permission. It is—my own land."

"I am afraid," he said, not with irritating composure, but with easy frankness, "you must wait for that possession until my lease expires. Why do you hasten so?"

"We are expected at the Knoll," answered Miss Glenorris briefly, "and are due."

"I see; and Nelson will be looking out for you in an opposite direction, I suppose, without guessing you are here."

"Don't trouble to hasten with us," she requested.

"Very well," he acquiesced, holding back. "Unfortunately for you, I am expected at the Knoll too; but I can follow."

"Why did not you say so at first?" cried Joy, with such unreasoning haste that even Anne could not resist a smile; and after that they spoke very little as they walked to the Knoll.

"How have you come?" the girls cried, taking Joy's sables from her in their eager greeting. "Larry started long ago to meet you."

"And Doctor Calmady?" queried Joy, pulling off her long gloves as she stood at the fire, in her dark brown velvet and coffee-colored laces, the bright brown hair not so neat as it had been when she left home.

"No; he was called away to Torquay early to-day."

"How disappointing it is for you, Charlotte, never to be sure of your husband's company!" said Joy.

"I should have fancied," observed Lester quietly, "that you would have envied Mrs. Calmady."

"Of course I ought, because her husband is so clever," remarked the girl coolly, without glancing up from the fire; and this wilfully obtuse remark Lester did not answer, nor did he seem to see the stormy light in her lowered eyes.

It was a quiet and pleasant Sunday evening that they all spent together, with cordial chat and sacred music. But there came a shadow upon it at last for Joy Glenorris; for, as they walked home across the park—well wrapped up against the wind and rain, Lawrence sheltering her and Lester taking care of Anne—the young man told her of his love, with an earnestness that moved and changed him and pained her inexpressibly. She answered kindly, as true women do; but she felt a miserable sensation almost of treachery, which no girl should feel on being offered a man's true love. When they reached the Hall, she stood with her hand in his, and almost humbly begged his forgiveness for having let him care for her; and then she ran indoors before Anne and Gervys Lester could reach them.

* * * * * *

"Why do you always go away from me? Why do you always try to be alone, Agatha?"

It was late on that Sunday evening, and Jessie Porch, tired of waiting for her sister to come down stairs after her return from Merlswood, had found her pacing her bedroom without any light, the window open to the dark sea, the rain falling heavily against and through it.

"One does well to get accustomed to it," answered Agatha, with a short laugh, "before one is obliged to be alone. Not even sisters can share their coffins, Jess."

"Agatha," said the younger girl, with quiet awe, "I like to fancy we shall feel less alone than ever then."

"Fancy on!" returned Miss Porch curtly. "I have no room for fancies—no room for anything save to remember how fortune favors others—never me."

"But not to hate them for it. 'Let Him do what seemeth to Him good,'" pleaded the younger sister, with reverence.

"No one can prevent Him," cried Agatha recklessly.

"Oh, hush!" whispered Jessie, shuddering. "Would you not be a little happier if we went away from here now?"

"I shall not be happy anywhere," returned Agatha coolly. "It is of no use your expecting it, Jess. Besides, I have more work to do at Merlswood, though we could go for a time, and come back when ——"

"When?" repeated Jessie, only fancying she had not caught the last words.

"I said nothing. I dare say I was wondering when Miss Glenorris would go to town. Norman, of course, will follow her. Not that he loves, for I know now he cannot love; he can only make love like other men; nor does she love him—I know that too—though she does not hate and shun him, as she does Mr. Lester. I wish I understood it all. I wish it were possible his soul should be tortured with a love unreturned, as—— But I don't blame Norman. I was to have been rich, and he would have married me; she is rich, and he will try to marry her. It is all natural. As he cannot obtain by will what is rightfully his, he must obtain it, if possible, by marriage. Yes, I see it just as he sees it. But—but"—pacing the room with her clasped hands behind her—"he shall have it through me."

"But, Agatha," whispered her sister wistfully, "if it were right that Merlswood should be his, it would be. You would not dislodge——"

"Would not I," interrupted Agatha sharply, "if it were not past my power? But"—with another sudden change of tone—"I must not forget his hypocrisy. 'It was not known who had inherited Merlswood'—so he told me—'but it was supposed to be an old fellow out in Australia.' Those were his words to me. Then there came in to me a letter he had, on the very day he said this to me, received from the girl who owned Merlswood, and who he knew owned Merlswood. It was a distant little letter on business, but it showed me the lie he had told to me. I have it still."

"Yet you forgive him when he is here," said Jessie simply. "Agatha, how good you are!"

"Good!" echoed Miss Porch, with a swift look into her sister's face, undistinguishable in the darkness. "But you will never understand. Ah, how true it is that we must be—either hammer or anvil!"

"Agatha," said her sister solemnly—there was no taint of selfishness in the girl's devoted nature, and, though her life ran in one narrow groove, its current was a strong one—"I don't quite understand what your prayers are; but I follow them in my soul unknowingly. I know I do. I feel I pray them all, though I may only say 'Amen.' Agatha," she added presently in her sister's silence, "how dreary the rain sounds! Come down, and I will play to you if——"

"No!" cried the elder sister, putting her hand to her head as if she already heard the fast light notes. "Do you wish to drive me——"

"Hush!" was the timid interruption. "Don't say it, my own dear. I will not play. We will be as silent as you like. But somewhere—I hope—people are happy on this sad wet Sunday night; and so shall we be—some day."

CHAPTER IX.

FOR some reason of her own, Miss Porch exhibited no impatience to conclude her search for the missing will at Merlswood; and Joy Glenorris was wondering over this delay, when one morning she passed the gate of the Mead, and, finding Jessie leaning over it, gazing out upon the sea, spoke to her kindly, adding before leaving her—

"Tell your sister that I am expecting to hear from her. She will understand."

Then she went away, deep in thought, as she ever was when she left that desolate house, and only roused herself in time to remember that Miss Beton was not well, and she would like to ask after her. But Miss Beton's stout and comely maid took Miss Glenorris in at once.

"I could not resist the temptation of seeing you, Miss Glenorris," the poor lady said, starting from her easy-chair, "though I told Catherine to excuse me to every one else. I'm very tired of solitude. Catherine won't be sociable, for fear of its being disrespectful, and I'm tired of even Flip's society. Poor little Flip! Both he and I saw this moon first through the window; so he hurt his leg last week, and, though it has perfectly recovered, yet, if I ask after it, he lifts it up and walks as if he suffered tortures. I'm grieved to confess he now and then forgets which leg it was, and lifts the wrong one, walking just the same. I was thinking," she went on, a little nervously, "just as you came in, how strange it is we do not feel the gradual growing old! I'm astonished now and then at some sudden

light thrown on the years behind me, and the age with which I'm traveling hand in hand; but the flash of light has soon gone, and, seeing no longer the gray-haired shadow walking with me, I forget."

"I cannot fancy you feeling or looking old," said Joy, with a smile into the good calm face.

"I do not as a rule," was the honest reply, "see any difference myself; but every year it gets harder to choose a bonnet, and that tells a tale."

"Of your pride," declared Joy, in her sweet spirited way, seeing that some thought troubled her companion, but waiting till she would think it good to tell her what it was.

"Miss Glenorris"—rather suddenly, but very gently—"would you read a letter, and just tell me what you think?"

"No, please," said Joy, guessing at its purport from the grave face and words.

"It would help me," was the almost wistful answer. "You must be so experienced in love-letters."

"Miss Beton," cried the girl, with curious earnestness, "I never had a love-letter in my life!"

"Oh, my dear, how many then you have to come!"

"I shall never read one through," was the odd reply; and the girl's sudden lovely color almost took Miss Beton's breath away.

"I don't remember," she said, "ever wanting a lover. As a girl, I suppose I had longings, as all girls have—but, as a woman none. But will you please"—humbly—"read this letter from Mr. Mortimor, who is in London now?"

"I'm afraid I don't trust him, Miss Beton though I ought not to say it because I don't know him," the girl confessed, still shrinking from the task. "And I ought to feel—as you do—that it is better to trust wrongly than to distrust wrongly."

"Then"—hopefully—"you will read his letter, Miss Glenorris?"

And so Joy began to read, though after the first three words she begged once more not to be asked to do so. But, when Miss Beton entreated her again, the plain face ordained painfully, the girl read it.

"My Heart's Solace,—Will you send a line to your faithful slave? I should read it word by word to prolong the rapture. My soul yearns to you, my treasure. Write to your lover, and call him Edmond—spelt with an 'o.' No one has, since my mother died, and I crave for a woman's tenderness. Some men are indifferent to women's society, but I am of gentler mould, and pine for it, even through the most exciting phases of a man's career. Fate has withheld this bliss, because I have been difficult to please. No ordinary woman could insure my happiness; but in you I have found all I seek. England is but a cold home for sensitive and refined natures such as ours; as you will come with me to sunnier climes. My health and spirits need it. Seeing me depressed in my forced absence from you, friends advise me to fly to stimulants; but your consent is the only stimulant I need. All others I hate, because you hate them. I could marry a wealthy widow here; but, when all I have is yours, what have I to give her?"

"What has he to give any one?" Joy asked, glancing up with mischievous eyes; but Miss Beton's rapt and serious face sent her gravely back to the letter.

"What a privilege you must feel it, my guardian angel, to be the agent of a higher power to accord me happiness! How favored I should feel if I might give, instead of receive! Were our lots reversed, I would give still more generously. I wonder why I love you so? I wonder why all the beautiful women in the world could not tempt me now to infidelity? Let us be united. It may be too late for my earthly happiness, as I am not one born to a long life; but let us be united, that we may walk hand in hand through the fields of Paradise. I have at least a noble name to give you; and who knows but even to-morrow I may load you with riches? Stranger things than that happen every day—

"'Fortune takes one behind her on a pillion,
Another, whom to-day she tumbles down,
To-morrow she may bless with half a million,
And leave the first with scarcely half a crown.'

"I feel sure wealth will come to me; and I am very patient—more patient than any man I have known in my varied career, except clergymen, whom I do not count, because their tempers are not ruffled by efforts to secure enough to pay their way. Write and set my adoring heart at rest. I kiss your feet, my angel, and await your reply.

"EDMOND DE MORTIMOR."

"Yes, Miss Glenorris?" queried Miss Beton faintly, when Joy handed back the letter.

"I do not think—I fear," said the girl, unwillingly honest, "that a man who could write that, has not much consideration for the feelings of one who—of any one."

"Yet, if it is in my power to help a fellow-creature——"

"Oh, that isn't love, Miss Beton!" Joy said, with a laugh. "So I can venture to ask you what return he is likely to make you if, in your generosity, you give up all to him?"

"But I suppose better minds do not look for any return."

"Yet surely they feel it when no return is forthcoming. For myself, I would rather—have the devotion of Flip."

"Flip does love me," was the glad gentle answer. "Only sometimes I am so afraid that I may be caring for him because he cannot say vexing things to me, however true, and cannot answer crossly if I say them to him."

"I'm not afraid," said Joy cheerily. "I believe Flip knows quite well that your love for him is the outcome of love for everything."

And then she turned the conversation, and left a lighter heart behind her.

* * * * * *

Mr. Norman Pardy had elected to take the cliffs in his stroll to Merlswood that afternoon, and he stepped a little out of his way to call in at the Moat. The door was open; and Norman, walking into the cheerless sitting-room, darkened on this wintry day by the sloping roof of the verandah and chilled by the wide view of cold gray sea, found Jessie Porch leaning with her arms upon the table and her head bent on her arms.

"Agatha is out," she said hurriedly, without looking up. "Agatha is not happy, Norman."

"Which is the reason you are not happy, I suppose," he remarked, looking down upon the girl in her sad attitude. "Remember, Agatha has not a very happy nature."

"She ought to be happy," sighed Jessie, slowly raising her head. "She is so good and clever, it seems cruel for her to be forgotten here. It is no matter for me that the world has forgotten us; but for Agatha it is cruel. I cannot understand it; I wonder over it day and night, but I can never understand."

"Who treats you ill?" he asked.

"No one does," she cried, with momentary vehemence. "They treat me very kindly—at least, Miss Glenorris does; and no one else comes here. But Agatha hates her. Why is it, Norman? It made me miserable when she held my hand at the gate this afternoon, and yet she sent a kind message to Agatha."

"Agatha does not deserve it," said Norman, making a move at once to go, "for bringing you here. Is it long since Miss Glenorris passed?"

"No; Agatha went just afterwards."

"Still at that fool's chase!" he muttered; but, just as he turned impatiently to the door, Miss Porch came in, her black eyes shining feverishly in her pale face.

"No, I have not been on that dunce's chase now," she said, with slow distinctness; "but I am going later. They dine at Combe Castle this evening, and I shall go then. Oh, you need not start away from me! With a very good motive, all is good."

"Why did you tell me? You might at least have spared me that."

"You are going too," she said, the fingers of her right hand opening and closing nervously. "While you enjoy yourself, you may feel how I am working for you—I, who ought to be with you, instead of leaving you to the girl who usurps your place and mine."

"Agatha, you know well that I am not in a position to marry."

"Not in a position to marry the owner of Merlswood!" she cried, with a harsh laugh. "But"—with one of her sudden changes—"do not hurry; you are owner yourself perhaps, Norman."

"But there is no need for you to haunt the place," he said gently. "And surely now you are very tired of this mean house, and of doing so much for yourselves?"

"Bridget does our hard work," explained Jessie loyally in her sister's silence; "and we like solitude."

"Do we?" asked Norman, with an incredulous emphasis on the pronoun. "It would be better for you both to be less solitary."

"My time must be well spent if I win what I try for," said Agatha.

"My time too," smiled Mr. Pardy, "must be well spent if I win what I try for;" and, with a wave of the hand, he passed out of the dull little house, breathing more freely as he did so.

Agatha stood watching him, her lips cruel, yet her eyes did not. Jessie, standing apart, watched her, as all her life was spent in watching, with simple, patient, whole-hearted devotion.

"Agatha," she whispered presently coming forward and giving her a gentle touch, "are you in pain? Are you suffering, my own dear? If so, do tell Doctor Calmady!"

"I thought," said Agatha, with a forced laugh, "that you could not bear Doctor Calmady!"

"He is clever, I am sure; but I do not want him talking to me."

"I am quite well, Jess," said her sister heavily; "and I know you will keep your promise, whatever happens."

"But—but," faltered the younger girl, with a sudden horror in her face, "Mr. Pardy does not make you unhappy; he loves you, surely?"

"Loves me! He never loved any one, whatever he has pretended, unless it is his mother. If he is saved from sin, it will be by his mother's love and faith in him; but"—with a sudden dropping of her voice—"he shall inherit Merlswood; and then he will do justice, and that girl I hate will know what it is to suffer as others do. Why should she alone be spared? What—frightened?" she cried, with a sharp little laugh, as Jessie, with her hand upon her heart, went from the room.

Mr. Pardy walked so hastily from the Moat that he soon overtook Miss Glenorris, and sauntered with her until, close to Merlswood, they came upon Lieutenant Nelson and Gervys Lester standing in conversation.

"Miss Glenorris," said Lawrence cheerily, "my sister Theresa is at Merlswood, and I meant to go with her, but caught sight of Lester in the distance and went to speak to him; now may I come for a cup of tea?"

"Do," answered Joy placidly; "though Mrs. Kienon and Anne are away."

Then she turned, necessarily, to invite Mr. Pardy, and then, a little pale, to Mr. Lester, and asked him too.

His hesitation was quite perceptible, and Lawrence laughed.

"Lester is an enigma to me, Miss Glenorris," he said; "for, though he knows every nook and corner of the Merlswood grounds he has not an idea of the house inside. But he is an example to me too, for he has the grace to be afraid of intruding."

"I do not think Mr. Lester is afraid—of that or of anything," said Joy, and then led the way into the tessor drawing-room, leaving her sealskins in the hall as she passed.

Though Mrs. Fears-Kienon sat in a large chair beside the fire, as indolently as she had sat on Joy's first afternoon there, and was working at the same embroidery, scarcely any would have recognized the rooms with its beautiful soft coloring, its book, and work and music, and its dainty tea-equipage.

"I wish," said Miss Nelson, when she had learned where Joy had been, "that some one would warn Miss Beton against that man who is staying in Eastmouth—Mr. De Mortimor, as he calls himself, though he makes a pretence of dropping the 'de.' He is trying to win her little fortune—so they say."

"Why don't they say he is trying to win her love?" inquired Joy, her lips a little stern. "Is it always—always money that men want?"

"It is never so," declared Norman, looking very meaningly into the girl's stormy eyes.

"Do you know this man, Mr. Pardy?"

"Most men would say no," avowed he, with pleasant candor, never thinking how and why these words of his would rise up one day in Joy's memory; "but I must own that he has pushed himself into my way. I cannot fancy women believing a word he says, for your sex is so clear-judging, Miss Glenorris."

"Probably," spoke Joy, with gentle nonchalance, "he would not speak or write to you as he would to a woman. He would not offer you, on his knees, what he calls the highest name in England."

"Does the woman tell it all to you?" ejaculated Mrs. Fears-Kienon; and the color deepened a little in the smooth young cheeks.

"Not if you mean Miss Beton," Joy said, with a little tender smile upon her lips. "Still, if there is really anything she ought to hear about that man, I should like it to be told to her."

"It seems impossible to me, Miss Glenorris," said Norman Pardy, looking engrossingly at her, "that any man could let money influence him in his choice of a wife."

"And to me," added Lawrence, laughing. "I despise money."

"So shall I," observed Joy, "when I've had a good deal of experience of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAKING WORK FOR HIS MASTER.—An English gentleman was once passing over one of the bridges crossing the Seine, in Paris, when he felt something rub against his feet. Looking down he saw that a small poodle had covered his boots with mud. He was much vexed at this, and took the first opportunity of having his boots cleaned when he got to the other side of the bridge.

Some days afterwards he had to pass over the same bridge again, when exactly the same thing occurred. His curiosity was at length aroused, and he narrowly watched the dog for awhile.

He saw him rub against several gentlemen's feet till he got off all the mud from his shaggy coat, then run down to the river bank and roll himself in the dirt till he had got a good supply to besmear a fresh batch of his master's victims. He then ran back to the bridge and daubed the feet of passers-by as before.

After a time, instead of going back to the river, he ran across the bridge to the shoeblack, who immediately patted him and gave him something to eat. The gentleman then saw that the poodle had been trained by the boy to dirty the boots of passengers so as to make more work for him, and he was so much pleased with the brightness of the dog that he persuaded the owner to sell him, though at a large price, and brought him to England.

He took him into the country, about forty miles from the seaside, but the dog, after a few days, suddenly disappeared. Search was made, and rewards were offered for him, but he could not be found.

Some months afterwards the gentleman received a letter from a friend in Paris, who was cognizant of the facts, stating that the little poodle had found its way back to Paris, and was again working for his master, the shoeblack, at his old trade of dirtying the boots of passers-by.

GREASE ON WALLS.—Pipe-clay made into a paste with cold water will, it is said, remove grease stains from papered or plastered walls if put on without rubbing, let stay over night, and then brushed off lightly. Where the grease has been on for some time several applications may be needed.

BLACK WALNUT.—It is said that a piece of ground set out in black walnut and allowed to remain twenty years will yield a larger profit than in any other mode of investment on a farm.

IN the London Metropolitan Underground Railway line, the names of stations are displayed simultaneously in all the compartments of the carriages, by means of an electrical indicator.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LEEK.—In early times the leek was regarded with much superstitious reverence. The Egyptians went so far as to make their oaths by the leeks in their gardens.

"O. K."—The expression "O. K." came from Aux Cayes, (which is thus pronounced) the name of a fine tobacco. As the name became a trade-mark, when other things were excellent they were said to be Aux Cayes.

A POLITE DOG.—The late Charles Reade, the English novelist, had a dog which is described as "looking like a sheep and thinking like a Christian." Half a dozen times a day it would jump on his table as he was writing, hold out one paw, and wait patiently until its master had gravely shaken it and pronounced the formula, "How do you do sir? You must excuse me, as I am very busy." The dog would then jump down and commune with itself.

A MUSICAL BED.—Foreign journals speak of a curious invention produced in Germany—viz., a musical bed so constructed that, by means of a concealed piece of mechanism, the pressure of the body produces the softest harmony, which lasts long enough to lull one to sleep. At the head of the bed is a dial with a hand, which can be placed at whatever hour the person wishes to awake, and, at the time fixed, the bed plays a march with drums and cymbals loud enough to wake the soundest sleeper.

THE WORD "BOSS."—"Boss," or "to boss," was, according to some philologist, originally introduced into the New World by Irish or Scottish immigrants, from the Gaelic *bos*, the hand. But this is erroneous. The word is derived from the Dutch settlers who first colonized New Amsterdam, first called New York by the English when the colony changed masters by coming into the possession of the British Government. *Baas*, in the Dutch language, signifies a "master" or the "foreman" of a workshop.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.—Japanese children have their heads shaved, with the exception of four little tufts, one before, one behind and one on each side. They wear bright and many colored clothes, their loose jackets having very long sleeves, almost to the ground, in each of which there is a pocket. They are odd little mites, sometimes going about in clogs, with their little bald heads shining in the sun. Some wear short stockings, but not all, and these are made like a mitten, with one division for the big toe, round which the sandals of the clog are fastened. Custom requires that these clogs be removed before the child is taken into a room.

A BRIDAL PRESENT.—Archbishop Cranmer had a niece whom he married to a gentleman in every way her equal, and the ceremony was solemnized with much pomp and splendor, the rest of the day being passed in amusements and the receiving of presents, of which the Archbishop's was the most notable one, and which he concealed from view under his robes. This both the bride and her newly-made husband were most impatient to see. The husband thought it must be some grant of lands or employment of honor, the wife some rich diamond necklace or other precious ornament; but the Archbishop persisted in concealing his present till they had both promised him never to wear it at the same time, and then he pulled out—a fool's cap!

AN ODD PIECE OF MUSIC.—Rameau, a celebrated French composer, had fallen in love with an amiable and charming dancer, at the Grand Opera in Paris. She possessed many accomplishments, and could sing and play readily, and with great delicacy. Once she expressed to Rameau the wish that she could herself set something to music, and requested him to give her an instruction in the art of composing. The love-stricken Rameau gallantly replied: "Nothing is easier; you can make the attempt at once." He gave her a needle and a sheet of ruled note paper, with directions to perforate the ruled lines where and how she thought proper. When she had done, Rameau took the sheet of paper, made the little dots into notes without altering or leaving out a single one, fixed their length and brevity, and supplied the harmony. The piece of music became a famous dance with a taking melody, which was for a long time popular in France.

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE.—A century ago, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came, and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It has a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work among the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to the other marvellous face which he had wrought—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face, they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"

THE MUSIC OF LABOR.

BY J. CHANDLER.

The birds may sing in the country-side,
  But I think in the city's throng
There is many a sound of labor
  That is pleasant as any song.
The workman whistling cheerily
  As he goes to his work at morn
Is just as sweet and as musical
  As the whistling birds in the corn.

When the bricklayers tap with their trowels
  The bricks in the growing walls;
When the chip! chip! chip! of the masons
  In a rhythmical cadence falls;
When the carpenter's busy hammer
  Blends with a laugh or a word,
'Tis the music of labor, and just as sweet
  As the song of the wild-wood bird.

The sigh of the summer wind is soft,
  And gay is the chattering steam,
But the engine throbs to a noble tune
  Through a mighty tongue of stream.
And there's music in the click, click, click
  Of the mystical telegraph;
In the chiming bells in the lofty tower,
  In the school-girl's innocent laugh.

In the kindly voices of greeting men,
  In the playing of girls and boys;
Oh! the streets are full of pleasant sounds
  That fretfully we call "noise."
But think if all this wonderful life
  Went silently to and fro!
If never a sound fell on the ear,
  And the tumult was all a show.

How we should miss the spirit and stir!
  How we should dreamly sigh
Over the busy but dream-like crowd
  Passing us silently by!
Oh! the trowel's "tap," and the mason's "chip,"
  The hammer, the wheel, the bell,
Are the stirring songs that labor sings,
  And we all of us love them well.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXV.—[CONTINUED.]

"SILENCE in the court for the confession," said Sir Robert, with playful solemnity. "Now, my darling, out with it. You'll feel better then. Range made love to you yesterday, didn't he?"

"Yes, uncle," in a whisper.

"What a wicked scoundrel! Has he ever done so before?"

"No uncle."

"What a dunce!—I mean that's right," said Sir Robert, hastily. "Well, did he ask you—you know—did he pop?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Downright popped the question?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And what did you say?"

"That a poor girl with only a few hundreds was not a match for a millionaire."

"You said that?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're a match for an emperor."

"Yes, uncle," said Judith, archly; "and I'm waiting for an emperor to propose."

"No, you're not. Don't be a little humbug. But, look here! did you refuse him?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Out and out?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Phew!" a long-drawn whistle. "I thought as much. I suppose you laughed it off, girl-like."

"Yes, uncle."

"Look here"—pettishly—"how many more times are you going to say 'Yes, uncle?' Nod your head; that will do."

"Yes, uncle. I mean——"

A series of nods.

"Then you regularly made light of his proposal—chaffed him like, and wouldn't have him?"

Judith nodded.

"Well, you are a girl, Judy! You want George Carleigh then? Say 'Yes, uncle.'"

"No, uncle! No, no!"

"But you pitched Range over?"

A nod.

"Was he nice and respectful like—gentlemanly?"

"Very!" emphatically.

"And you refused him?"

A nod.

"That's it, then. I thought so; but I wanted the evidence of the prisoner—confession, I mean. Well, there you are, Judy. Rich fellow like that can't put up with such a slight from the pretty girl he likes; and he does like you, Judy."

"I'm afraid so, uncle."

"Afraid, eh! Well, there it is. Nice fellow, too. You ought to have said 'yes.'"

"Think so, uncle?"

"Sure of it, Judy. He's enormously rich, and not spoiled by it. Simple-hearted, true, manly fellow, I call him. Wish he'd been a soldier."

"Oh, uncle!" cried Judith, piteously.

"Made a fine one. He's got obstinate pluck, though he hasn't shown it here. You've seen it, girl. I'm horribly indignant with him for sneaking off like this; but when there's a snub like that! Hang it all, Judy, when a good-looking young fellow knows that he has only to throw the handkerchief and as many pretty girls as he likes will run to him, he feels the slight horribly! Hang it, Judy, it was really too bad!"

"Are you very angry with me, dear uncle?"

"Yes, horribly—savagely. No I'm not. Perhaps you were right. It was very plucky and spirited of you. Teach him that there are English girls who look down on money and can be independent. But, hang it all, Judy, my dear, you should have had him. It was a great chance in a hundred thousand."

"But you don't wish me to marry a man I dislike for the sake of his money, uncle, dear?"

"Of course not, my darling. I thought it was different, for there was something taking about the fellow. And so you disliked him?"

"N-no, uncle."

"Hang it, girl, you're a riddle! Then why did you refuse him?"

"I don't know, uncle," said Judy, looking up with a face full of perplexed dimples and creases.

"Why, hang it, Judy!" cried the old man, taking her face between his hands, and gazing in her eyes, "you don't mean to say that you love the fellow.?"

"I'm—I'm afraid I do, uncle."

"'Pon my word, you women are puzzles! You're a strange girl, Judy."

"Yes, uncle."

"I don't want you to marry, but it's natural when the right man comes, and I thought this was the right one."

Judith sighed.

"I liked Range. He suited me. He was not what we English—as I said before to you—call a gentleman; but I wish men such as we English call gentlemen were like him, without the American twang."

"I don't mind the twang, uncle," said Judith, demurely.

"Oh, you don't," said the old man, "eh?"

"No, uncle, I don't think I do. I was used to it."

"Humph! I wasn't. Perhaps I should have become used to it. Well, I shan't brain him now for taking you away, I suppose; but you've done wrong, Judy; you've done wrong."

"Do you think so, uncle?"

"Yes, my dear, for the boy was thoroughly sincere and unspoiled, and those are very good qualities in a young fellow now-a-days."

"Don't—don't you think he'll come back uncle, dear?"

"No; I don't."

"You don't!" cried Judith, in dismay; and the tears gathered thickly now. "You said once before that we should see him again, and we did."

"Yes, but you had not snubbed him then and sent him packing. No, my dear, it's all over; he will not come back unless you write and ask him."

"And that I would never stoop to do," cried Judith, proudly.

"Well, perhaps you're right about that, my dear," said Sir Robert, tugging at his moustache in a fidgety, vexed manner. "I has set my mind at rest about the fellow. Seemed like one's own guest, and it was not pleasant to think that anything had happened to him."

There was an awkward silence here for a few minutes, and then Judith spoke.

"I did not mean to hurt Mr. Range's feelings, uncle."

"Oh, no! of course not. That's what you women always say when you are cutting a poor fellow to the heart. I remember years ago, when I proposed to Lady Lorrington—I was twenty five then—she said to me——there, never mind that. It settled me. I never married. I made up my mind then that I never would. I said to myself, if a woman can take delight in giving you pain before marriage, what will she do afterwards? Hah! You're a cruel set, you women, Judy. You are, 'pon my word!"

"Oh, uncle!"

"You really are, my dear. There's no doubt about that. There, don't worry any more."

"But, but do you think Mr. Range will take what I said as final?"

"Yes."

"Uncle!"

"Well, there—no, then, perhaps not. He made his attack, and you cut up his light cavalry. Perhaps he'll rally and wait his time and then deliver such a charge as will scatter your defence, and bring you to your knees to sue for mercy."

"Oh, uncle, I'm sure that I never, never should."

"Many a woman has said that before, my dear, but has ended by striking her colors."

"Did—did Lady Lorrington strike her colors, uncle?" said Judith, archly.

"What's that to you, madam? Mind your own love affair, and don't ask such questions. Well, there; I don't care! Yes, she did."

"But you did not marry her!"

"No, I never did, thank goodness—the hollow-hearted jade! Judy, my dear, take my advice, don't play with an honest young fellow's feelings. I think Range cared for you very much. Don't you?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Then how dare you play with him, miss?"

Judith shook her head, for no words would come.

"Then you are really sorry for what you have done?"

Judith nodded, with her face working.

"And you do like Range?"

Another nod.

"And you didn't know your own mind, and hardly meant it when you refused him, eh?"

Judith nodded again.

"Humph!" said the old gentleman, playing with her hair and looking thoughtfully down at the troubled face before him. "I seem to know you pretty well, my dear, with all your pretty little wilful, girlish ways. You want something to steady you, to make you more of a woman."

"Oh, uncle, dear!"

"Yes, my child, some big sorrow or another to make you think more deeply. I should like you to have one, and then if it came, I should feel that I would rather bear it myself than see a line of care come into that pretty face."

"Oh, uncle, darling, you spoil me!"

"Yes, I do," he said. "But I'm not going to have you made miserable."

"Dear uncle!"

"I shall write to poor Range to come back."

"No, no, Uncle!" cried Judith. It would make me seem so despicable, so——"

"Here! tut—tut—that will do, young lady. Halte-là! I did not say that I was going to write on your account. I only want to set a gentleman at rest for whom I feel some slight esteem."

"Oh! but, uncle, you must not! Indeed you must not!" cried Judith, imploringly.

"Look here, madam!" said Sir Robert, "am I to sit still and see two people made miserable on account of a little misunderstanding?"

"But, uncle——"

"Hold your tongue! You've made a mistake, miss. I'll take care that you are not lowered in Arthur Range's eyes. The poor fellow will only be too glad to come back. In fact, if he has any stuff in him he'll come without; but it's no use to be miserable for days if it can be stopped. You see how mad he was, as he'd call it. Couldn't face you again. Packed off at once. There, never you mind. It isn't your doing. You've got to behave as an English lady should under the circumstances. Be straightforward and natural. There, there, Judy, be as maidenly and delicate as a girl should; but don't let's all be made miserable when a few words from your old uncle to an honest young fellow will set us right."

"All made miserable, uncle, dear?"

"Yes, all of us, Judy, my pet, for your happiness is a great deal to me. It seems ridiculous to you, perhaps, my child, for a grey-headed, battered old fellow like me to talk of Clara Lorrington making a trouble for me that has lasted all those years, and if I know anything about my Judy I don't think she'll forget Arthur Range in a hurry."

The sweet little face was buried in his breast, and the sobs and tears came freely now.

"It has all been a great mistake, my darling, hasn't it, and you said no too hastily?"

There was no answer, only a closer pressure of two soft little arms.

"And I don't want the trouble to come and steady you—at least, not all at once, anyhow."

"I—I can't bear trouble," sobbed Judith.

"Yes, you can; but we don't want you to bear it, my dear. You will have a deal to bear, but you may as well have it homœopathically, and not in one big dose."

There was another pressure here.

"I shall write to Range."

"No, no! uncle."

The opposition sounded very feeble now.

"I shall do it delicately."

A heavy sigh.

"Now give me a kiss, and go and bathe those pretty eyes and look severe, and draw a few lines round your quarters. Throw up some defences, and when he comes look let him have a hard fight for it. Keep off as long as you like, only let him take your colors at last."

Judith looked up with a pretty, mischievous light of fun shining through her tears.

"I've forbidden you to write, mind," she said, flushing scarlet the while.

"Yes; all right, my dear."

"But Uncle Harry won't like it."

"Uncle Harry will welcome any friend of mine, Judy. And now, fudge, I say, what a disloyalist am I!"

"I don't understand you, uncle."

"Why, planning for the Union Jack to go down before the Stars and Stripes. Ha! ha! ha! There, be off now; I've had enough of this."

Exit Judith, and Sir Robert sat down and wrote a quiet, manly letter to Range, asking him to come back and see the writer; and till that letter was safe in the leather post-bag, Sir Robert did not touch his big pipe.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SAM BURTON USES HIS EYES.

IT was like some strange fascination drawing George Carleigh on and on after Sir Harry, as, with his hands behind him, and head erect, the General walked slowly down the grounds, now deliciously fresh with the heavy rain, till he reached the rustic gate, and followed the path, whose short turf was so elastic, to the seat facing the principal hill.

Carleigh followed at a distance, not daring to lose sight of him for a moment—hesitating about going closer.

Sir Harry stopped in a contemplative manner in front of the seat, gazing at it, and then slowly all about the little valley of running waters, and Carleigh's heart throbbed; there was a strange pricking in his temples, and his face twitched.

For he seemed to see once more, as vividly as if it had been reproduced by another's brain, every event of the past night, and as he stared fixedly before him the fancy was strong in his mind that Sir Harry must be seeing it as clearly as himself.

For what other reason could the General be gazing so intently at that garden seat, and about the path, before crossing the bridge and entering the wood?

"I must go to him," panted Carleigh; but he stamped his foot directly, as if crushing beneath it his feelings of dread, and, taking out his case, forced himself to maintain an attitude of calm as he lit a cigar, and then slowly followed his guardian.

Sir Harry walked slowly and thoughtfully on till he reached the little landslip, and then he paused, in profound ignorance of the fact that a livid face was peering out from among the rhododendrons on the other side.

But some one else was present who did not quite share Sir Harry's ignorance, but stood against the trunk of a great oak, noting everything, his gun resting upon one foot, his crossed arms upon the barrels, and Bess, the dog, crouching at his feet.

Carleigh was not more motionless than the keeper, as the latter stood there with all the patience of his profession. It was his duty to watch and keep ward, and this he was doing now, though his mind was somewhat misty as to the reason why.

Sir Harry gazed at the slip of earth for some time from one side. Then he stepped over the newly-made stream and crossed to the other side. After this he climbed up and looked at the clean-cut portion of the bank from which the rock had fallen, before studying the appearance of the little dam of thick water that had been made, and in which the sullied stream that came from the hills above raced and eddied and foamed before dashing away on one side and down the little gorge.

For the sharp storm had brought down abundance of water, which ran of a tawny hue, and formed a thick foam at the foot of each tiny fall.

The sweat gathered in a thick dew upon Carleigh's livid face, upon which the sun shone full, and the keeper's clear eyes noted how it glistened as Sir Harry turned at last, caught sight of him, and beckoned him to come.

For a moment Carleigh's limbs trembled; he was so unnerved by the exertion as well as by the events of the night. But he had a will of iron, and, mastering his emotion, he went slowly towards Sir Harry.

"It is impossible," he muttered. "He can know nothing. Am I going to turn coward at last?"

He drew a breath of relief as Sir Harry turned to him smilingly and unwillingly tortured the miserable wretch, stabbing him with his words, and, as it were, turning the knife again and again in the wound.

"Come up here, George," he said, as he stood holding on by the tall bough that had been Carleigh's lover in the night; "see what a landslip we have had."

"Landslip?" said Carleigh, speaking quite calmly now.

"Yes; all this mass came down in the night."

"Ah, yes? I see," said Carleigh, with a look of interest.

"The stream has been undermining the bank here for years. This bough has acted as a lever, and the first strong puff of wind has started it, and down it has come."

"Quite a misfortune."

"Oh, no!" said Sir Harry; "not at all. We'll have Virginia creepers planted to droop down over that blank patch, and this, you see, has come down so that the bushes are undisturbed. That which is beneath them will fertilize their roots."

It was as though a hand had suddenly grasped Carleigh's throat, and his eyes dilated.

Sir Harry continued—

"The roots will revel in moisture and the alluvial matter the stream brings down. I think it has improved the spot. That stream instead of running straight, is forced to form a pool and to curve round. No, my boy, it is no misfortune. Lady Fanshaw will be delighted with the change. Coming back to the house?"

"Thanks, no," said Carleigh, a little huskily. "I shall stop and finish my cigar."

As he spoke he sat down upon a seat formed from an old oaken stump, and, giving him a nod, Sir Harry slowly strolled away.

"Idiot!" exclaimed Carleigh to himself. "Am I to go on always frightening myself with shadows—I who have seen so many dead men in my time?"

He ground his teeth together and smoked furiously, watching the retiring form of Sir Harry till it had disappeared along the winding path, and after awhile there was faintly heard above the rushing sound of the waters the click of the latch on the rustic gate.

As Carleigh heard this he threw down his cigar and glanced quickly round in a manner that was foreign to him. Then, as if moved by a dread of doing anything that might seem suspicious, he picked up the half-smoked cigar, took out his silver match-box, and lit it again, to go on smoking steadily, as he forced himself to be quiescent for a time.

Burton and the dog remained motionless among the trees, a man and four-footed companion seeing everything that passed.

At last Carleigh rose and glanced round once more in the peculiar furtive manner of one who has something to conceal. Then seeming to become aware of his weakness, he made an impatient gesture and began walking here and there, stooping at times to pick little scraps of the bright pink periwinkle that grew down by the water-side. To this, as if in an idle mood, he added panicles of delicate grasses, and, all the while, with a strange shudder passing through him from time to time, he searched the grass and shrubs and ferny crevices for the spirit flask and the spade.

"It was there I laid the spade!" he thought. "No, it was there! No, there; or there!"

A dozen times he made sure that he had found the spot; but his brain was not clear, his fancies were all astray, and he knew it.

He went on picking wild flowers—a pursuit he had not attempted since a child; and as his hands acted mechanically scarcely a spot escaped the strained searching of his eyes.

He drew his breath in with a painful hiss, and then, leaping the little stream, he climbed again upon the mass of rock and earth that he had forced down.

Turning rapidly he leaped back, for a horrible feeling of dread assailed him—something the same kind of sensation he had experienced when, in the heat of an attack, he had, while leading his men, stepped inadvertently upon the body of a fallen enemy.

It was a similar sensation, but horribly intensified, and a fit of trembling came over him, till there was a reaction, and he leaped on the fallen mass once more.

"Coward! Dunce!" he muttered. "Am I sinking into the mood of a frightened child?"

He stamped impatiently once more, and as he did so he laughed mockingly.

"Afraid!" he said. "And of what? There, I could stand here for hours without a qualm. My hand does not tremble. I could master any coward fancy of the brain."

He searched the little trampled clump now in a slow, deliberate manner; but it was forced, and he could not restrain the labored beatings of his heart, nor change the livid color of his face.

There was nothing there. He knew he would not find the spade, but hoped that the flask might be lying amongst the moss and dead leaves, or in some hollow of the old stub.

"It must have fallen in the water," he thought.

Well, what if it had? He could not find it now, the water was too thick. A few hours hence it would be clear, and he could see it. But the spade! He stepped down on the other side of the heap where the water did not flow, and at the second step he uttered an ejaculation.

His foot had struck against the spade.

He glanced quickly round, and Burton saw every act.

"He's found the spade," he said. "Why, man, one would hev thowt he'd got a snare there for a hare."

Still Burton did not move, but stood watching while Carleigh bent down, seized the spade-handle, and tried to drag it out.

He might as well have tried to move one of the large masses of stone that lay here and there, for two-thirds of the spade were beneath the fallen mass, and his greatest effort did not stir the tool a bit. The handle seemed to bend slightly, that was all.

He rose, after ineffectively straining at his task for a time, and then stooped and seized the handle again. He could at least snap it off, he thought.

But too much was buried beneath the superincumbent mass. He might have broken it had it been all its length exposed; but the tough ash refused to give way, and, realizing the utter impossibility of succeeding, he desisted, stood upright, wiping his streaming brow; and then a thought struck him, and for the next few minutes he busied himself in rapidly collecting good-sized stones, which he threw about and over the handle, bending down grass and ferns, and effectually hiding it from sight in a natural manner not likely to excite attention, while the grass and other growth would soon help to keep it out of sight.

This done, he washed his hands in the running water, wiped them and his streaming forehead, and returned to his seat, where he lit a fresh cigar, and afterwards rose deliberately and sauntered slowly out of the Wilderness and towards the house.

The keeper did not move for nearly an hour.

Then, going by a circuitous route down to where he had seen Carleigh very busy, he found an endorsement of his supposition.

"Covered up, he said to himself. "Spade—flask—the slip. Him down here last night. Must have been him. I see!"

He gave his leg a slap.

"I see now; he went back to the house while I was watching yonder. It was him."

Burton stood looking in a puzzled way at the slip of rock and earth, and then at the covered-in spade.

"There's a mystery here that don't concern me, perhaps, and I oughtn't to meddle in it, unless it's to tak care of Sir Harry's property, and — and— her ladyship—oh! here, this won't do. I'm keeper of the game, but I don't quite know what to mek of this. Eh? Why, Boss, old girl! What say? What is it, my old wench?"

Just then the dog, which had been eagerly running here and there, threw up her head and uttered a low whine.

Sam Burton looked at the slip, then at the dog, and then gave a quick glance round as he took off his felt hat and passed the back of his hand across his damp brow.

Uttering a low whistle, his brown face turned mottled, and he drew away slowly, muttering to himself. Then, turning quickly to the dog, he said, authoritively—

"Not now, old lass; not now. Here! here!"

Then he strode rapidly away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS."

THE Wilderness had a strange attraction for Carleigh, and he constantly found himself taking the path that would lead him down through the rustic gate to where the bridge crossed the principal stream, and there was a way to the earth-slip that lay in the little rift.

He was going down there one day with handfuls of seeds in his pockets of grasses and various growths that he had gathered in the neighborhood. These he told himself he would scatter about the mound, as some of them would be sure to germinate, and help to cover the spot with a matted and an abundant growth.

As he took his way in that direction, through the bushes, he suddenly stopped short, stood thinking for a few moments, and turned back.

That would never do. In his eagerness to hide all traces of his crime he had been so often that he found that he had been making a regular track down to the mound. It was only faint, but the earth showed unmistakable traces of being trampled by regularly passing feet.

Retracing his steps, then, he went round by another way, and stood anxiously scanning the spot and the little stream of water that swept about the base.

One thing was evident—the rushing water was cutting itself a deeper bed; but was it widening, and would it in time wash away sufficient of the soil and stone to lay bare that which was hidden?

He turned cold at the thought, but argued after a time that, even if it did, this must be a work of years, and should a discovery be made there were no marks of violence on one who had met his death by drowning, and the keenest savant would not be able to say that the death was not the result of accident.

"I'm safe," said Carleigh, as, after a glance round, he scattered the seed over the mound and in the interstices among the blocks of stone.

Then he stopped short, for there it was again! He knew it as the same, from a peculiarity in one feather of its wing.

He had not paid any heed to it the first time. The second time, too, it had been passed over with a casual glance—the day when he had searched so long for his flask, peering everywhere, down through the pellucid water, and coming to the conclusion that if he had dropped the flask into one of the little streams the sediment from the muddy water had covered it over, perhaps never to be seen again.

And now there it was again, haunting the place, and sitting on a leafless twig—one from which he had doubtless torn the leaves that night—gazing at him, round-eyed and attentive, as it had perched and watched him ever since.

Only a robin: but it seemed strange that the bird—the same bird, he was sure of that—should be always there watching him. No matter when he went there, the little thing was sure to appear sooner or later, with its great, thoughtful eyes.

"It is absurd!" he said to himself. "Am I growing childish? It is a bird, and the bird watches me. I shall be believing in metempsychosis next, and that this atom contains the spirit of——Pah! what idiocy."

He laughed aloud, and then stopped short, for the bird flitted to another twig and watched him, still holding its head on one side and peering at him with the great round eye that to his distempered imagination, seemed to see so much.

"I shall have to go away," he thought; and the idea came to him like a relief. He could have a run abroad. It would act like a tonic, and he should get rid of these morbid, childish fancies that were ever present. A bird—a robin! "Well," he said, to argue himself into a better state of mind, "suppose it did see, and know—everything, what then? Would a robin's evidence be taken in a court of law, or at a coroner's inquest?"

He was laughing at himself, but the mental suggestion of a coroner's inquest troubled him, and he shuddered.

"Yes," he said, after a pause, "I want the tonic of a change; I can leave her now. She will be better, perhaps, if I am away for a month. Startled by the sight of a bird! Ha! ha! ha! my nerves must be in a low state, that's plain.

"Yes, a run abroad. I'll get away from this hateful hole, with its shadows and depressing thoughts. It will make a man of me. Why not go at once—to-day even? The old man will be surprised, but what of that? I will go."

Full of his new-born resolution, he glanced furtively at the bird, with the thought growing in his mind that he might as well rid himself of its presence by a shot, when it flitted back to the first twig, and its presence seemed to fascinate him.

Fresh thoughts, too, came trooping through his brain.

Suppose that as soon as he was gone, Alice, released from the power he exercised over her, should give way to the horrors that oppressed her, and, in some wild, hysterical fit, confess all!

No, he could not go. There was a bar to his quitting Helmthorpe. He dare not go and leave Lady Fanshaw in that morbid state. It would be ruin.

And, besides, was he not master now? Was he to leave in the hour of triumph?

Chafing against the invisible chain which bound him firmly to the place, he walked rapidly away from the little dam, and had reached the rustic gateway when his heart sank again lower and lower with a sickening kind of dread, for there, coming down the path, was something to keep him ever on the watch.

"Ah, George!" said Sir Harry, "there you are. I want you to come and give us your opinion and advice."

He could hardly respond, for behind Sir Harry were Macpherson and a couple of the under-gardeners, with barrow, tools and a load of evergreens and creeping plants in pots; and he needed no telling that they were about to busy themselves over that slip of earth.

If he could have done so, he would have sent all back, but he could only nod his acquiescence with Sir Harry's wishes, and turn to accompany the General upon his mission.

"I can at least watch and see that they do not go too far," he said to himself; and then he shuddered, for Sir Harry laid his hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"I have been asking Alice to come," Sir Harry said.

"And—and is she coming?" asked Carleigh, with a hoarse voice, as he turned sharply round.

"No, my boy; no! I'm afraid she is not well. This place used to be such a favorite one with her, but now she seems to have taken a dislike to it, and I cannot get her to come down here at all."

Carleigh turned hot and cold as the General prattled on.

"She is delicate, you see, and perhaps she is right. The place is damp. By-and-by, though, she may take to it again. Some of these days, my boy, when you take to matrimony, you may find Mademoiselle Judith a bit whimsical, too. I don't mind. These little ways are pleasant; and what would be objectionable to yield to a man, is agreeable enough to give up to a woman."

"Then she will not come down?" said Carleigh, who felt that he must speak.

"No, my boy; no! Never mind—we'll do all we can to beautify the spot, in readiness for her when she does come. It will be the pleasanter surprise."

With his nerves on the strain, Carleigh was, for the next two hours, watching and suggesting, and always in agony lest the spade should be driven too deep, or the blocks of stone loosened.

It was all satisfactory enough to see pots of Virginia creeper turned out into holes to drape the bare bank, but when it came to planting the mound that dammed the stream the agony began, and with it a shock that sent the blood coursing to Carleigh's heart with a sense of suffocation.

It was the Scotch gardener who gave him the shock, for, leaning upon his spade, and gazing at the mound, he said to his master:

"I m thenking, Sir Hahry, that with hauf a dizzine o' the men, and baskets, we could do awa' wi' that loomp o' airth, and set the wee bit burnnie free to gang its ain gait."

It seemed an age before Sir Harry turned, and said, sharply:

"What! remove the clump?"

"Ay, Sir Hahry; we could soon dig it up and lay the airth lower down."

Carleigh felt as if he could have strangled the man; but relief came.

"No, no!" said Sir Harry; "let it be just as it is, Mac. I think it will be a great improvement as soon as you get some shrubs to grow."

The Scotch gardener made no remonstrance, but went steadily on with the work in hand, every stroke of the spade echoing in Carleigh's heart as he trembled lest the cohesion of the mass should be disturbed so that it might crumble down where the stream would carry away the earth, and wash his secret bare.

A dozen times over it seemed as if there would be a discovery, and, as if Fate prompted him, twice over the gardener kicked away fragments of the stone that Carleigh had piled over the partly-buried spade.

At last, though, the final pot was turned out and its contents planted—Sir Harry pausing long to look at the work.

"Yes," he said, "it is better; but I will have something more done yet. Don't you think, George, it would be better if we cut down that side more sharply, and let some creeper droop from the top?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Carleigh, unable to contain himself, "not on any account!"

"Well, you need not be so fierce," said Sir Harry, laughing. "Have it your own way. Perhaps you are right. There, now we'll go."

Carleigh gazed wistfully at the men, longing to stay and watch them till they had gone; but it would only have excited suspicion, he thought, and they were not likely to do more now. So he followed Sir Harry to the house, with the General chatting away all the time, his companion being utterly unconscious of what turn the conversation had taken.

"I shall go mad if this lasts much longer," said Carleigh, as he reached his own room and threw himself upon the couch. "It is as if Fate was torturing me, and always dragging me to the point of discovery before letting me go for awhile till she has invented some new torture.

"She has taken a dislike to the place. She will not go down," he muttered, recalling Sir Harry's words. "It is unbearable. Everything seems to point to that affair. I am always, as it were, upon a thin volcanic crust of earth which at any moment may break and let me through to destruction.

"What is to be the next horror she has in store?"

He turned white as he sprang to his feet, his eyes fixed and staring, and it was some moments before he leaped forward to snatch from the dressing-table his silver-mounted flask!

"How did that come there?" he said, hoarsely, and, turning to the bell, he was about to ring and question the servants, but he felt that he dare not; and letting the bell-rope fall, he stood staring, with the flask in his hand, asking himself how much the finder knew.

One moment he was for making stern inquiry.

The next moment he was in a weak, hesitating state, and dare not stir.

Finally, in a despairing spirit he placed the flask in a drawer, and, with an impatient gesture, decided to let matters go.

"Nobody could have been present," he argued. "Alice dare not speak. Someone has found the flask, perhaps, in one of the paths. Who knows? My crest is on it, and it has been placed in my room.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all indeed," he said, aloud. "Why, if there was anything suspicious in the finding of that flask, the finder would have kept it, of course."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"NOT DEAD YET."

ARTHUR RANGE had carefully packed up his portmanteau, telling himself as he did so that it was high time he went away.

"I'm only fooling myself, and I shall never get a bit farther with her. I shall stop on here growing more and more disgusted, and ready to fall out with everybody. So sure as I stay here another twenty-four hours I shall have a furious quarrel with Carleigh, and what good will it do?

"I must be off."

There was a letter to write to Uncle Wash. Range began, and thought he would finish it; but no—it was out of the question in his present frame of mind; so he left it.

He felt that he had been rude to speak to Judith as he had, and yet somehow he did not repent.

Then came the dinner, and the scene down the garden, with his demand for pardon, his rash declaration, and the proof that he was rather inexperienced in reading the ways of mankind in the softer sex.

"I'm a fool—an idiot!" he said, as he walked slowly on out of the grounds and into one of the broad drives of the wood. "I used to think myself such a strong-minded, matter-of-fact fellow, and here I am as soft as the greatest greenhorn that ever lived. I wanted polish and no mistake—and experience. First I get into that entanglement at Silvingen, now I get into this one here.

"No, I don't," he said, after a pause. "The mischief was done at Malaypore. Well, God bless her—it's all over now, and may she keep her word!

"'I shall not marry George Carleigh,' she said. Well, that does recommend me a good bit; and as to that wretched business with Lady Fanshaw, I think the lady's common-sense and honesty are gaining the day. And yet she was with him to-night!

"My word!—how I should like to half kill that scoundrel! One can't—at least, I can't—stoop to tell tales; and yet, what an atmosphere it is for my darling to breathe! Stop! hold hard, Arthur, my lad—not your darling!

"Yes," he said, after a pause, "my darling—for ever."

He said these words with a tender reverence and in a low whisper, bending his head down upon his breast as he passed beneath the trees.

"There," he said, as he reached the open road. "Now let's be a man. A good sharp walk to settle my nerves, then back and to bed, and to-morrow morning a cheery good-bye, and a little more experience of life in some other form."

He was a good mile from the house now, and walking steadily along the by-lane that led into the main road for Brackley. It was tolerably dark, for Sir Harry's woods were on either side, and two steps from the green border took the traveller in amongst the pines.

It was a favorite walk of Range's, for the scent of the pines and the smooth needles lying deep beneath suggested to him patches of country in the Far West. Many were the times that in the heat of the day he sauntered along here, reading and dreaming; and but for the darkness, he would have been threading his way amongst them now. As it was, he kept to the road. All at once there was a flash, and a faint light shone out just ahead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHANGE OF DRESS.—A dress worn on all occasions can never give the wearer that fresh and tidy look which all women of taste desire to have. I have seen women who wore handsome clothes, yet whose real lace was not creamy but dirty, whose skirts were rumpled, whose collars were dog-eared whose ribbons curled or ravelled at the edges, and who had in consequence a dowdy look; while some fresh little gown of cheap muslin, with the accessories of white linen, crisp ruffles, spotless bows of delicate tints, all carefully put on, had an elegant and pleasing effect.

A good many inexpensive dresses are perhaps better than a very few costly ones, for the possessor has time to repair, or to have repaired, those rents and wrinkles that wear will give, and can take off the dress worn in the rain or in the heat, and change it for another at any time.

Of course wealthy women can do this and still have each garment expensive, but the person of moderate means must take her choice, and she is very foolish if she chooses one velvet dress instead of three of common materials, that will become her quite as well.

After the first few days she will never have the feeling of being freshly dressed in a walking costume worn alike for ordinary and extraordinary occasions. Moreover, at home, in her own house, a good deal of change is very nice, and very refreshing to the household generally.

Many ladies will button themselves into a black dress of some sort, and wear it from breakfast time until they go to bed. It may be tidy, but it cannot look fresh; and freshness is after all the most attractive thing about a woman's dress.

M. S.

THE WELCOME BACK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving as we come
To be the first to greet us.
When the world has spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing,
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path
And find a fireside blessing.
Ah, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back!

What do we reck on a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that will beam love-lighted?
What is the worth of your diamond ray
To the glance that flashes pleasure,
When the words that welcome back betray
We form a heart's chief treasure?
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a Welcome Back!

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

I DON'T know what you will think of the people who are coming to-night," remarked Marguerite, as she and Lucy were dressing for dinner. "They are rather a ragged lot. Two or three of them—and a Redan hero, Major Faber, who has the reputation of being awfully fast, are the more favorable specimens. Irving-Wood is coming, too. You know him; he is a dreadful little scamp, but the best fun in the world, especially since his old aunt died and left him a handsome legacy. His friends seem very obliging to him in the matter of dying. Does it not tickle you to think he ever had a wife, and an old wife too? Entre nous, he seems rather anxious to make me share the late one's infatuation, and I am not sure I should find it so very bad to be Mrs. Irving-Wood. He would certainly amuse me; and if a certain friend of ours puts on Hamlet-like airs by-and-by, I don't mean to go mad like Ophelia; it would be more rational to keep Irving-Wood in order."

"How you do rattle on!" said Lucy looking at her with a sad smile. "I know you do not mean half what you say, Marguerite."

"Don't look so serious, little one; I am not worth your grave reflections. Besides, you will never understand me; I don't understand myself. This afternoon I felt very queer when I rode up to Mrs. Meredith's and saw who was standing there; and when I talked to you on the Mall about him, I felt what I said. I believe somewhere down in the depths of my nature I have a capacity for love and suffering which may astonish me some day. At this moment I am ready for fun and conquest; but, after all, I don't believe I was born to be happy. I think it will be a short life, this merry-go-round of mine."

"Not if you be wise in time; not if you abstain from doing what you intend to do."

"Not I. I am quite in a mood for the venture. After all, it is too soon to tie my fate to Reginald Danvers. He would expect such exquisite propriety of behavior, I should find it irksome just yet to be bound. After this I shall want repose. I shall be content to look forward to rest—and him."

"O Marguerite, be content now."

"Hush! I must cultivate my mood. It was shockingly unfortunate I called at your house to-day; but once downstairs, these dangling thoughts will go. Now, is there any flaw in my toilette? I must be perfect to-night."

"Your dress seems to me perfect, and you are looking well."

"You stingy little thing! Only that cold admission, when I do believe I look charming in this tight-fitting white silk. There is almost as lovely a red in my cheeks to-night as in your own. Well, let us go down, that I may see Irving-Wood, who promised to come early. I want him badly this evening; for his presence always has the effect of making me delightfully unprincipled and gay."

When all the guests had assembled, a cursory glance was sufficient to show that the ladies at least rather justified Marguerite's unflattering description. They were not—even Lucy's inexperienced eye could tell—of the elite of Mussoorie society; certainly not the people Mrs. Meredith would have gathered round her. Their loud manners shocked Lucy's natural refinement, and made her shrink away from them until dinner were served, when she was dismayed to find herself consigned to the loquacious Irving-Wood, who placed her at the centre table with Majors Riley and Faber and the chief personages of the evening. Fortunately Marguerite sat there too, the queen of all, so that Lucy escaped with little notice, and had ample opportunity of watching the others. Major Riley was naturally an object of curiosity to her. She had expected to see a mean-looking contemptible little man with conceited airs, instead of which he was tall, had good features, light hair parted carefully down the middle, and an agreeable frequent smile. Certainly the smile, when Lucy had seen it once or twice, seemed rather meaningless; but it was decidedly becoming, which no doubt was the reason it flashed on you every few seconds with the steadiness of a revolving light. Had it not been for his sallow puffy cheeks, and the cold, almost cruel stare of his light-blue protruding eyes, he might have passed for a decidedly handsome man, even among that portion of the fair sex which had no matrimonial aspirations. Lucy was a good deal impressed by the extreme coolness of his demeanor, considering that he sat next to Marguerite, and was on the eve of proposing to her. He certainly did his wooing unobtrusively, like a man who was sure of his ground, and had the magnanimity to leave what he knew to be his own to the enjoyment of others; which, to be sure, had the advantage of enabling him at the present moment to do justice to a good dinner.

The gentlemen sat long over their wine, an interval which was utilized by the ladies in clearing the drawing-room for the dance. When at length the purdah was raised, and Riley and Faber and Irving-Wood, followed by a stream of younger men, walked in, it was easy to see none of them had spared Mrs. Bishop's good champagne.

Marguerite, who kept at a disdainful distance from most of the other ladies, was standing in a recess, with her hand on Lucy's shoulder.

"Look at Riley," she said, in a low scornful voice, "with his inflamed face and his air of self-satisfaction: he thinks every woman here is ready to kneel down and kiss his feet—I most of all. The miserable hound! Good heavens, what an evening we shall have! That wretched Faber is downright tipsy, and even Irving-Wood is decidedly elated."

"Cannot we disappear upstairs?" said Lucy, in an alarmed whisper; but Miss Daly hardly appeared to notice this remark, so preoccupied was she with her own train of thought. Her beautiful eyes, that seemed made to glow only with the tenderest shades of feeling, were fixed in haughty criticism on the too demonstrative groups before her. "What a lot of hateful creatures we have got together," she went on, "and all to please the future baronet, who loves to take his pleasure among such! Now, be off with you, Lucy; he is coming. Watch and see how I shall smile on him, how charmingly befool him. I feel like a great actress, I tell you—myself is dead, and nothing but my role remains. If I could always feel like this I would marry him, that I might continue to smile, and scorn, and hate. Yes, hate—it is not too strong a word—I hate him to-night. If he had not crossed my path, I should have been happy; or if he had wooed me like other honorable men, he should have had his congé long ago. But the wagging of gossips' tongues nourished his conceit. He liked to know that at Simla they were saying, 'The charming Miss Daly has tried to trap him too, but Riley knows he can look higher: a man of his expectations may marry an heiress or earl's daughter. We have heard a great deal of the fine matches Miss Daly might have made; she has not yet had the chance of refusing him.' Bah! I shall play my play, that he may drink his cup of humiliation to the dregs. And then—ah, then!—I will be a suppliant for pardon, love, and peace!"

She ended the words almost with a moan, and Lucy thought compassionately.

"Poor Marguerite! she is not happy, though she carries herself so proudly. If only I could persuade her to abandon this folly!"

Dancing now began, and Lucy retired still further into the back-ground, that she might be spared the trouble of refusing partners. This was not, however, to be. Major Faber speedily found her out, and entreated her to join in the Lancers. He had noticed her pretty face at dinner; and as Miss Daly was, as a matter of course, going to dance with Riley, he determined to have the next most attractive young lady in the room. Lucy drew away in fear from the bold gaze of this dissipated-looking man, as he bent over her seat, declaring he would take no denial. To make matters worse, Irving-Wood also hurried up to offer himself as a partner, and feeling highly entertained at seeing how shy and frightened she looked, he maliciously encouraged Faber to persevere, till the upshot was that she gave way to deliver herself from their importunities. And what a dance it was! At the third figure, when the music made the usual pause, the men went down on their knees and forgot to get up again; whereupon Irving-Wood, who was at the piano, stopped playing altogether, and the quadrille broke up in confusion. In the midst of the din which followed, Lucy slipped away to another room, where, with the exception of a brief interval during, which Mrs. Bishop, who was at her wit's end how to maintain the decorum of the evening, sent for her to sing, she remained until the company began to disperse. She was glad then to hurry down, to be in readiness for the escort which Mrs. Bishop had promised to provide. But Mrs. Bishop, who had had an exciting evening, and who was in a fever of impatience to be alone with Marguerite, had unfortunately forgotten the obligation; and Lucy saw one after another of the ladies depart without being consigned to the care of any of them. At last she went up to her hostess, who stood surrounded by a knot of gentlemen, and said, with an anxious face—

"Do you think I can go home alone, Mrs. Bishop? All the ladies have gone; but my men are still here, and they know the road well."

"All gone!" cried Mrs. Bishop in dismay. "What is to be done?"

"I can go alone," said Lucy.

"That is impossible. What would Mrs. Meredith say?"

"Quite impossible," echoed Irving-Wood."

"O," exclaimed Mrs. Bishop, "you are going to the club, Mr. Irving-Wood; you might see Miss Henniker so far; she would not mind going the few yards further alone."

"I shall see Miss Henniker home," said Irving-Wood, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he saw Lucy's change of countenance at this proposal.

"A likely story," put in Faber rather hotly, "that Miss Henniker is to be trusted to a mad fellow like you! You would frighten her men out of their wits with your vocal noises, and we should hear next morning that they had jumped down the Khud or run clean away."

"My dear Major, do you propose that Mrs. Bishop should transfer the charge to you?" replied Irving-Wood, with good-humored sarcasm.

"Mrs. Bishop will make no objection to my riding on the other side of the jampan," said Faber somewhat resentfully; "and I think Miss Henniker will be glad, under the circumstances, of two attendants instead of one."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bishop, who felt relieved at the prospect of Lucy having two cavaliers; "and she will have a body-guard fit for a queen. This is very kind of you, Major Faber."

Lucy, indeed, for the first part of the way, was well escorted. When she looked out of her jampan, as the bearers gained the broad level of the Mall, she found that not only were Faber and Irving-Wood riding beside her, but Major Riley was quietly guiding his pony in the rear. This addition to her cavalcade did make her feel happier, for she knew Marguerite had sent him.

After proceeding in silence for some time save for occasional bursts of comic songs from the irrepressible widower, they came to a steep path branching off the Mall, and Irving-Wood reined back his pony to speak to Riley. Lucy heard the latter laugh, and exclaim sotto voce, "You comical dunce!" Immediately after, he said aloud—

"I say, Faber, our diggings lie up here. Miss Henniker is nearly at her home, now. Let us say good-night, old fellow."

"If Miss Henniker prefers to dispense with our further attendance," said Faber sulkily.

He did not find it particularly lively to ride beside a young lady who evinced no gratitude for the attention, and maintained an obstinate silence.

"You have only a little way to go, Miss Henniker," said Riley persuasively, "and Mr. Irving-Wood will see you to the door."

"Thank you," said Lucy coldly. She felt that he had promised differently to Marguerite; "and she will have a body-guard fit for a queen. This is very kind of you, Major Faber to come any further."

Whereupon both gentlemen said a courteous good-night, and turned their ponies uphill.

"Here," cried Irving-Wood to his syce, as soon as they were fairly gone, "take my tattoo home. I will walk the rest of the way. It is pleasanter to be more on a level with you," he added, coming close to the jampan, the side of which he grasped to assist him in keeping pace with the bearers. "How did you like the evening? Jolly—eh?"

"I suppose it was," said Lucy, who had not yet learned to tell social fibs.

"Not much in your line, all the same—eh? You are too good and refined for such a lot. Even your fine voice could not sober them. It did bring me considerably to my senses. Music is the only thing that ever does. Have you any idea what a gift of song you have? You could make yourself more famous in society by its means than Marguerite with all her Circe charms. You don't think half enough of yourself—that is your fault."

"Do you advise me to be conceited?" asked Lucy, amused in spite of herself.

"I advise you to be and to do anything that helps you to enjoy life. Think the truth—that you are an uncommonly pretty girl with an uncommonly fine voice, and make the most of your beauty and your gifts. Now, I dare bet that you never make eyes at that deucedly handsome fellow, Captain Danvers, who came from Gurmuk-tal to-day to dangle away a week at Mrs. Meredith's—eh?" and Irving-Wood gave the jampan a shake, and peered round the curtains into Lucy's face, as if he could read its tell-tale expression in the dark.

"I wish you would not talk to me in such a manner," said Lucy, in a tone of much vexation.

"Poob! nonsense! I have taken a fancy to you; so let us speak plainly to each other. Do you like Danvers?"

"I really cannot answer you such questions."

"Well, surely you will not mind telling me this? Do you like that Marguerite Daly?"

"I like her very much indeed!" said Lucy warmly.

Irving-Wood laughed.

"Now, see how inconsistent you are, how you betray yourself! If Captain Danvers were nothing to you, why didn't you answer with equal frankness in his case? It is clear he is a dangerous dog—Danvers; quite irresistible to women when he likes; even the matchless Miss Daly sails in the same boat with you unless—hum—ha! you don't suppose she really cares for Major Riley, do you?"

Lucy had no intention of gratifying his curiosity, so she remained silent, in the hope that her tormentor would desist or change the subject.

"No answer! And I believe you know all her secrets. That is shabby treatment of one who desires to be your devoted slave. But I will return good for evil, and heap coals of fire on your head. Here we are at the road which leads to the club. I am going to smoke a cheroot in the verandah presently—a little verandah I have all to myself. It does not matter when you get home, so you shall come too. I shall make you a cup of lovely coffee; we shall have a cosy chat, and nobody will be a bit the wiser. Not that way," he cried to the men, who were holding straight on; "to the club ghur."

Before Lucy, who was for the moment speechless with anger and astonishment, could utter a word, Irving-Wood administered a sharp poke to one of the startled men, who stood irresolute, and the little cavalcade fairly turned towards the club. Her stock of Hindustani was very limited, and in her agitation the few words she usually had at her command deserted her; but the sight of the club close at hand, with a blaze of light in several of its windows, at last gave her terror speech in her own language, and she exclaimed, with a vehemence astonishing in one usually so gentle.

"Mr. Irving-Wood, order my men to turn back instantly. Stop them! Jampanees, stop! I insist on being set down!"

Irving-Wood, however, was enjoying his joke—in justice to him it must be said he was not in earnest—and he continued to urge the men on the more she entreated, until poor little Lucy, overcome, burst into tears.

At this moment a gentleman who had been smoking a cigar with a friend at the club, and was quietly walking homewards, heard the unusual sounds of an English lady in distress, and hurried to the spot where the jampan had come to a standstill, that Irving-Wood might address a few soothing speeches to his captive. Before he had time to give vent to any of these, the new-comer's voice was heard asking, in tones of anxiety—

"Who is here? What is the matter?"

"O Captain Danvers!"—for it was he—almost screamed Lucy, in the revulsion of feeling his presence brought, "take me home, take me home! Mr. Irving-Wood—"

Her emotion prevented her from ending the sentence, as she sank back trembling and shaken with sobs.

"Miss Henniker!" said Danvers, in extreme surprise; "you here? What is the meaning of this? What can have happened? Pray explain."

"It is only a little nonsense, Danvers," answered Irving-Wood, now thoroughly ashamed of himself. "I made Miss Henniker believe that I was going to regale her with coffee at the club. Of course it was only a joke."

"You are mad, surely," said Danvers haughtily, "to take such a liberty with any lady. Miss Henniker at least, who is away from her brother, you might have spared so coarse a jest. But remember you will have to answer to Mrs. Meredith for your behavior to-night."

"I assure you I am thoroughly sorry—" began Irving-Wood penitently.

"Turn down the road!" exclaimed Danvers authoritatively to the men, and ruthlessly cutting short the tendered apology. Then he stooped over Lucy, and wrapped her shawl round her. "Do not distress yourself, my dear Miss Henniker," he said, in the kindest tones. "I will not leave you. We shall go home together."

"I say, Danvers," called Irving-Wood, feeling very little like his usual jaunty self, as the former was striding off.

"Mr. Irving-Wood," said Danvers, wheeling round, and speaking in tones of the coldest severity, "I beg that you will address no remarks to me. Your ill-timed levity has given Miss Henniker much pain, and will cause my friend Mrs. Meredith, with whom she is staying, the deepest annoyance. I hardly know, sir, how to characterize your conduct."

And with this brief expression of his displeasure, to which he gave the culprit no time to reply, he hastened after Lucy.

CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT one o'clock on the following day Captain Danvers, who had started early in the morning on a sketching expedition, called at the club on his way home, hoping to find the English papers arrived. He walked on unusual stir and animation among the assembled habitues, and would have taken his departure at once—for he particularly wished to avoid conversation this morning having a visit in contemplation which fully engaged his thoughts—had not Faber come up with friendly familiarity and taken him by the arm. That visit was to Miss Daly. It was, indeed, on her account he had hurried up from the Plains on hearing of Riley's departure for Mussoorie, and that conjecture was rife as to that gentleman's motive in spending his holiday at a hill station which he had hitherto despised for the larger glories of Simla. Love in the calmest minds will conjecture up tortures for itself from the mere presence of a rival, and Danvers, though grave and rational by nature, was not cold—passionate rather, if the right chord were touched. Now that he was here he had no intention of putting off time, and to-day he would tell her why he had come; ask her, in short, that momentous question which he had already led her to expect from him. He had little fear of the result; for no encouragement had been wanting on her part from that first evening in the boat when her eyes and lips had drawn him as with a spell. Gay and coquettish with all others, she was sweet and grave to him; at times even humble. How could he doubt that, if he won her, her character would grow in steadiness and grace, and those small blemishes in tone and conduct, for which society after all was more responsible than she, entirely disappear? He knew she loved him. He had seen it, he had felt it; that was enough. Has not some one said love makes

all things easy? What young man would have paused to doubt its power in a case like this?

He looked at Faber, therefore, with no very encouraging expression, as that gallant officer, after a warm greeting, led him with the evident air of a man who is very determined to talk and expects to be attended to.

"My dear fellow, when did you come up? Did not know you were here. O, by Jove, you ought to have been at Mrs. Bishop's last night; we had a rare lark. The Headleys, and the Cummings, and a lot of that set were there. Very good champagne too, and no stint. Miss Daly looked handsomer than I have ever seen her; and there was a little blue-eyed girl there called Henniker, who is deucedly pretty, and who sang like a nightingale. Don't know when I enjoyed myself so much. No need, you know, to be on your p's and q's; the old Æsculapius himself is safe at Sissoo, and Kate Bishop makes the jolliest grass-widow in the whole world."

"Was Riley there?" asked Danvers, affecting ignorance of what he knew, from a vague wish to hear something about his rival.

"Riley? Good gracious, yes! We were all asked to please Riley, which is perhaps the reason you were not there, for he hates you like carrion." (The Major was not always very choice in his 'language after a night of dissipation, followed by the necessary stiff pegs in the morning.) "Heard you were very attentive a few weeks ago, and did not like it. Believe myself that 'fetched' him. Ah, old fellow, you must carry your siege to another citadel—the saucy fortress is taken. By Jove, I wonder which is the greater capture of the two, the besieger or the besieged? Ha, ha, ha!" and Faber looked playfully at his companion, as if he had made a telling joke.

"What are you talking of, Faber?" said Danvers, turning slightly pale as he shook himself free from the other's grasp. "Pray don't speak in riddles. I have an engagement this morning, and no time to waste in solving them."

"Do you mean to say you have not heard the news? Why, everybody in the club is talking about it, and we are all off our heads with excitement."

"I have heard no news," answered Danvers, in a voice that had a sharp note of pain in it. A sickening dread had seized him, which his reason still refused to justify.

"Bless me! Where have you been all the morning? It is all over Mussoorie that Riley is engaged to Miss Daly."

"It's a lie!" said Danvers between his teeth. "I know it cannot be true."

"My dear fellow, you are hit, I see. Never mind, I won't peach. Come and have a peg: that will make you feel all right in five minutes. Well do I remember when that little black-eyed—"

"Thank you," said Danvers, wincing at this well-meant sympathy. "I have claims on my time this morning. I must go."

"Have a peg first—do. You look confoundedly cut up. Well, by-by, and remember there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it;" and with this consoling remark the good-natured officer released his victim.

As Danvers turned to go, almost stumbling in the painful bewilderment of his thoughts, he knocked up against Colonel Rousel, who was advancing through the outer door beside a stalwart young man with a blonde moustache and a frank open countenance.

"Hollos, Danvers!" cried the latter, in a hearty voice. "Found at last; and a pretty dance you have led me!"

"Spencer!" exclaimed Danvers, the pained look on his face vanishing in sudden pleasure. "Can it really be you? I had no idea you intended leaving Hyderabad this hot weather. Why did you not write?"

"Write! I like that! as if I ever wrote letters! I preferred making a trifling divergence from my direct route of one or two hundred miles, and looking you up at Gurmiabad, where I expected to find you. Now I am here, and have been hunting for you all over these confounded hills for the last three hours like an anxious sheep bleating for its lamb."

"I'm to blame for that," said Colonel Rousel striking in. "I told him you were in an unsociable mood, and had gone to sketch the waterfalls. He clearly saw from my hints it was a duty to break in your solitude, or some very dire consequences might follow in the shape of sonnets and proposals. Now I shall leave you to your gossip. Shall you lunch here, Danvers? If not, we can walk together as far as Glenrosa."

"Mrs. Meredith expects me at two. In a quarter of an hour I shall be ready to go."

"Well, I will look round meantime. I see Forrester and Riley have come in. Perhaps they can tell me why the English dak is so late to-day."

"And so, Harold, you have come to spend your holiday with me," said Danvers, turning to his friend. "That is excellent of you. I hope you will not find Mussoorie slow."

"No fear of that, old boy, for I ain't going to test its attractions. No, no, I fly at higher game. I am off to Kashmir to-morrow, and you are coming with me."

"Why, Spencer, that sounds undoubtedly tempting; but I am not sure such an expedition at present will at all fall in with my plans."

"O my dear fellow, don't shilly-shally. I have wasted ten days of my precious leave on you already. We must be off to-morrow, so don't talk in that diplomatic fashion of 'your plans.'"

"What plans can you have of any consequence, unless—unless there is a woman in the case, and the sonnets and proposals are a reality after all?"

Something in Danvers' face made the young man sorry for his thoughtless speech; and his wide-open blue eyes gathered a wistful expression, as if he longed to comfort him, yet feared to intrude an inquiry.

"I will let you know this afternoon," said Danvers, after a pause. "There is a matter which must be settled before I decide."

"All right, old fellow. I will wait for you another day—a week if you like; and if you don't care to go at all, I will stay here and fag for you as I used to do at Eton."

Danvers looked up with his grave smile, and gratefully grasped his friend's hand. They had been boys together, with no cares apart: was it not well they should share each other's sorrows still?

A little later, as Danvers hastened up the steps of Mrs. Meredith's verandah, fearing he was late for tiffin, he saw Lucy Henniker standing with her back to him, leaning on the rail. She was singing softly to herself a song of Schumann's.

The sweet voice and the touching words, which seemed strangely appropriate to himself, moved in him a sudden warmth of feeling toward her. There came back a gentle waft of associations linked with those first pleasant weeks of their acquaintance, when she had been so amusingly shy, and he had felt interested in her guileless nature and unassuming beauty. The very contrast which she presented in every way Marguerite made the thought of her at the moment soothing; it was so entirely removed from the painful tumult of passionate feeling which possessed him. Had he loved this sweet-natured girl, as at one time he had almost been on the eve of doing, would any temptation have made her faithless? was a question that flashed, tinged with reproach, through his consciousness as he advanced to meet her.

Lucy turned at the sound of her voice, pale and agitated. His presence unnerved her, with the recollection of their strange meeting the night before fresh in her mind. Besides which, and partly due perhaps to the subtle infection of his thoughts, there was roused in her also a rush of memories of bygone hours and hopes, mocked now by the pitiful reality of change and disappointment. She felt a perturbing sympathy too, for the pain which awaited him in connection with Marguerite—that ruthless awakening for which she feared he was totally unprepared; and like the warm-hearted friend from whom he had just parted, her eyes were brimming with a tender longing to comfort him. She put out her hand silently for the black-bordered letters which he held towards her, and Danvers could not check the impulse to clasp it for a moment with a loving pressure.

"You are not too tired after last night—you are none the worse for being out so late?" he inquired gently.

"I am not tired now, thank you," said Lucy, in a low voice which trembled slightly; "and—and—I am very grateful to you for—your kindness."

"Then I think you must promise me," he said, smiling, "that nothing will ever induce you to accept such an escort again."

"I am sure nothing ever will," said Lucy, firmly. "But, Captain Danvers," she added, hesitatingly, "I think you ought to know that Mr. Irving-Wood called here to-day, and he has apologised very fully to Mrs. Meredith for—for—last night."

"And it is well he has done so; otherwise he might have found his position an unpleasant one. You see I have brought you your English letters: I met the dakwallah at the door. You are more fortunate than I for mine go first to Gurmiabad, and as I may be gone from Mussoorie before they can arrive here, there is no saying when news from home will reach me. But I will leave you in peace to enjoy your letters, while I go and beg Mrs. Meredith's forgiveness for being late."

The letter which Lucy first opened was from her mother. It was written more brightly than any she had received from the same hand since her father's death. Not unalloyed, however, was the pleasure which this gave her. Poor Lucy! the hot blood mounted to her cheeks when she discovered that her mother's cheerfulness was due to the kindness of Lady Julia Danvers, who had placed one of Mrs. Henniker's two youngest daughters in a school at her own expense, and given occupation to the other at a high rate of remuneration, as a sort of superior nursery governess to her daughter Lady Cotham's young children.

"Lady Julia has been our best friend, dear child," wrote Mrs. Henniker, "in our great calamity. I used to think her a proud unapproachable woman, but I find that beneath her high-bred distant manner there is a truly Christian nature and most feeling heart. Her goodness to us has been unspeakable. She pressed a cheque for twenty pounds into my hands the other day, and then drove away before I could thank her."

Lucy felt she could hardly bear to see Captain Danvers after this. It seemed a new mockery of her hopeless love for him, and gave her pride a bitter wound, to think that her sister was a dependent in his sister's house, and that her mother had accepted money in charity from Lady Julia's hand. She was not perfect, dear reader, as you see, but do you not feel for her, notwithstanding? Are not such trials sharp and sore to human nature? Nevertheless she was brave, our little Lucy; for when tiffin was over, and Captain Danvers, finding himself alone with her for a moment, casually asked if there were no news of his family in her English letters, she went up to him with gentle gravity, and put her mother's open letter in his hand. He looked at her in surprise as she said quietly, "I should like you to read it all;" then slipped softly from the room, and went up-stairs to have a good cry.

From that moment she occupied a new place in Danvers' estimation. He realised as he had never done before the strength and candor of her nature: and the knowledge brought him a sense of compensation at a time when his trust in the grace of another's character was rudely shaken.

"Miss Henniker," said Danvers, when he returned the letter to her in the evening, "I shall not easily forget the generous confidence you have shown in me. Henceforth things must be changed a little between us, for, you see, my mother and yours are already dear friends, and I shall also claim the privilege of being more to you than a mere acquaintance;" and he raised her hand to his lips.

O, the joy and pride of that moment! it was worth years of slow living to be blessed with those words of kindness *from him*; to feel, too, that in his nature there was nothing poor or mean, that he was, as Marguerite had said—noble.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE still September morning, when the Mussoorie hills were swathed in wreaths of mist, and the sky was gray and cloudy after a night of heavy rain Marguerite and Lucy sat together in a little private room in Mrs. Bishop's house. Since Colonel Rousel had gone on a shooting expedition in the interior, Lucy, after some pleading, had been allowed to resume her rides with Miss Daly. She was now in her riding-habit and had just come in after a smart canter along the Mall, which perhaps accounted for the lovely flush on her cheek and the soft vivacity of her eyes.

"Pray get ready, Marguerite," she said, encouragingly, "the air is delightful this morning; not at all muggy, like yesterday, but balmy and cool. Shall I call Gordon to bring your pony round?"

"It will rain," said Marguerite, not moving from the low wicker chair in which she was lounging. "I am in no mood for a shower-bath and a bad cold."

"I don't think it will rain," answered Lucy, going to the open door and raising the chik, or transparent screen of woven rushes, which hung over it. "The mist is clearing off the hills, and the sun is bursting out. O, how glorious the Dhoon looks!" she exclaimed enthusiastically—"all flooded with warm light; and the clouds are furled over it like great dark curtains margined with purple and gold."

"I am not in the least capable of enjoying the extravagances of Nature this morning, particularly if they are of a joyous description. I feel quite limp and spiritless, touched with despair, I think."

Marguerite spoke carelessly, but there was an undertone of sadness in her usually gay voice.

"Then a ride will do you good."

"By and by, when I am sure of the weather. Now, put aside your hat and gloves; you are in no hurry."

"No," said Lucy, with a little sigh of regret, "I can wait."

"What a glad face you have to-day! What is it?"

"Hal is coming up; he will be here on Thursday," said Lucy, with a happy smile.

"O, Hal!" said Miss Daly, in her light mocking tone; "I thought it must be Mr. Raeburn at least."

The ready blood flushed Lucy's cheek, but she made no answer.

"My dear little soul, it is very shabby of you to keep your heart's secrets from me. You know all mine, yet you never tell me yours. Do you think I have no love and sympathy in me? no heart to rejoice with you?"

"There is nothing to rejoice about," said Lucy, in a low voice.

"No?" rejoined Marguerite incredulously. "Mr. Raeburn meant nothing by all the attention he paid you those ten days he was here in August? He is a second Major Riley, I suppose."

"Have you heard anything about him?" asked Lucy, anxious to change the subject.

"About Riley? Well, yes. His syce, it seems, has just died from the effects of a kicking his master gave him; that is the last bit of gossip from Sissoo, according to Irving-Wood. I always thought Riley a dastard, but it appears he is a brute as well. Yet Fred Bishop thinks me wicked to have thrown him over, and he even had the assurance to say that I am responsible for this last act of his, as Major Riley was never known to display such evil passions before I gave him up. I am sick of the creature's name, Lucy. I wish to Heaven I had never seen him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NAMES OF INDIANS.—The American Indians do not usually bestow names upon their children until they are old enough to show some peculiarity of disposition, or character, and the name is intended to describe that peculiarity. These names are liable to be dropped and others substituted at any time, on the development of other characteristics—the performance of some striking act, or the occurrence of some remarkable experience. The name of an Indian always has, therefore, to his people, a significant meaning, while to the whites it may be very absurd. Following are a few specimens:

Rev. John Jumper, Rev. C. Journey Cake, Thos. Wildcat, White Turkey, Blue Jacket, Chief Red Cloud, Chief Red Dog, Fire Lightning, White Hawk, Slow Bear, Man Above, Cloud Shield, Running Eagle, No Dress, Kill Hard, White Tail, Barking Dog, Crazy Bear, His Horse is Blue, Mad Bull, No Water, Rising Sun, Lone Wolf, Brave, Hunts the Enemy, Little Moon, Chased the Crow, Whirlwind Man, Stand Round, Vermillion, Calico, Medicine Bull.

Scientific and Useful.

PIANOS.—A new thing in pianos has been brought out at Leipsic. In outward appearance it resembles an upright piano, and it has the ordinary hammer action, but in lieu of the familiar strings, tuning forks are substituted for the purpose of procuring pure as well as sustained tone.

A NEW METAL.—"Delta metal," discovered lately in London a combination of zinc and iron, is said to be as much superior to brass as steel is to iron. It is very tough, showing a tensile strength of sixty-two tons to the square inch when drawn into wire of twenty-two gauge. It does not tarnish as easily as brass and takes a high polish.

STONE AND MARBLE.—It is stated that the coating of valuable brownstone and marble buildings with paraffine to the depth of a quarter of an inch would prevent the absorption and freezing of water which results in cracking and crumbling the stone. The cost is about fifty cents per square yard, and the result is believed to be permanent.

TAKING MEDICINE.—A doctor calls attention to a very simple fact which merits attention from medicine takers. If the medicine is mixed with very cold water, and a few swallows of the water be taken as a preparatory dose, the nerves of the organ of taste become sufficiently benumbed to make the medicine nearly tasteless. The method will not disguise bitter tastes but acts well in oils and salines.

MEASURING LAND.—The following is said to be a method for ascertaining the area of a tract of land of any shape: Plat the land carefully on a piece of thick pasteboard, then cut it out exactly by the lines and fill up the space one layer deep with fine shot. Put the shot into a rectangular box and run it down to one end until a perfect rectangle is formed. Then measure the base and altitude and multiply them: the true area is the result.

SOILED WHITE GOODS.—Slightly soiled white woolen articles, knitted or crocheted, may be made to look as well as new if they are carefully rubbed in flour. Cover them with flour and rub gently as if washing until the flour becomes dark. Shake out the article and rub in clean flour until all the soil is removed. Shake well and hang in the wind until no atom of flour remains in the wool. Of course, one would not care to cleanse in this way articles that are worn next to the body, but for shawls, capes and head coverings flour answers admirably.

Farm and Garden.

AMMONIA.—A teaspoonful of ammonia to one quart of water sprinkled every other day over plants will cause lice to disappear and not injure the plants.

FEEDING.—The Arab compels his horse to feed from the ground in order to maintain the curve of the backbone. This is the natural way of feeding, and is an argument for low mangers.

THE ORCHARD.—The best fertilizer for an orchard is potash either in the form of wood ashes or as sulphate of potash. Trees, however, will be benefited by superphosphate and manure, but the best results are obtained when potash is used as the principal ingredient in the fertilizers on the soil for an orchard.

THE HORSE.—A great width between and prominence of the eyes indicates a teacheable and tractable horse. Width between the ears indicates courage, nobleness and strength of character. Roundness and elevation between the eyes indicates mildness of disposition and desire to be caressed and to reciprocate kindness.

KEROSENE.—While kerosene will take the hair off a cow or horse, says a New York paper, it has no such effect on swine, but assists to clean the skin nicely, though appearing to make them itch or smart for a short time. Where objection may be entertained against pure kerosene it should be mixed with a like quantity of warm lard.

FOWLS.—Fowls can doubtless endure as much bad air as any other kind of farm stock, but they cannot be expected to thrive when forced to roost where lice are bred in myriads daily. Their droppings should be removed every few days, and made innocuous with muck, dry earth, sawdust or some other absorbent. A filthy hen-house is a sure habitation of croup and cholera.

FLOWERING SHRUBS.—Flowering shrubs may be pruned when their leaves fall off. Cut off all irregular and superfluous branches, and head down those that require it, forming them into handsome bushes, not permitting them to interfere with nor overgrow other shrubs, nor injure lower growing plants near them. Put stakes to any of them that want support, and let the stakes be so covered with the shrub, that the stake may appear as little as possible.

IMITATION BUTTER.—A professor of the Department of Agriculture who has made a series of microscopic observations recently of butter, fats and domestic fowls, furnishes the following test for detecting imitation butter: "Combine a few drops of sulphuric acid with a small quantity of pure butter, and the butter will assume first an opaque whitish-yellow color, and after a lapse of about ten minutes it will change to a brick red. Oleomargarine made of beef fat, when treated in the same manner, changes at first to clear amber, and after the lapse of about twenty minutes to a deep crimson."

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SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

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THE MIND OF MAN.

The widespread diffusion of the principle of freedom of thought among us is an inestimable blessing; yet we need to realize that this, like all other freedom, imposes an additional obligation upon the individual conscience. If we are no longer asked to submit our beliefs to the dictums of another in matters of religion, or government, or literary criticism, or scientific conclusions, or social observances, or anything else, it is all the more incumbent upon us honestly and earnestly to seek after the truth for ourselves. If no one has the right to censure us for our opinions whatever they may be, we have a consequent duty of self-scrutiny to find out how and why we came to believe thus and so, whether our motives were pure, and our grounds sufficient. And, if our time and powers are too limited for the close investigation of many subjects, we may at least learn more modesty in assertion, and more kindly toleration for the mistakes of others.

A man's mind is a court, and his passions are all of them tricky lawyers. In ordinary times you cannot go into any court and hear the statements of the counsel without feeling that there is a great deal of ingenuity exerted to cover up some things and unduly magnify other things, so as to make out the best possible case for the side whose interest it is the desire of the special pleaders to advance. But there sits that old stupid judge—stupid because he will be just—and he puts the lawyer right on this side, and puts the lawyer right on that side, and holds everything to the law and to the fact that he may come at justice—at least in theory. Now, every man has a judge within him—his conscience; and there are many men whose consciences have been bribed; and, when they are presiding over the court which is constantly held in the heart, they are all the while excusing themselves for giving their adherence to things that are wrong. They need to be reminded that in every case they should look at everything in the light of eternal justice.

While the head needs the heart to give warmth and vitality to its ideas, the heart equally needs the head to give wisdom, calmness, order, and strength to direct its impulses and embody its desires. Feeling without knowledge, is like a ship without a rudder. Unintelligent emotions may carry us into all kinds of excesses, and their unrestrained ebb and flow render all steady growth impossible. The stronger and the more intense they are, the more urgently do they need the guidance of clear thought, a well-informed mind, and a strong will.

Every man has two educations—that which is given him, and the other which he gives to himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in man he must work out and conquer for himself. It is that which constitutes our real and best nourishment. What we are merely taught seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves.

SANCTUM CHAT.

EVERY common trade in Amsterdam has a Government shop where deserving poor can always find employment. The goods there made are used by the Government instead of being sold.

A BOSTON physician advises everybody to ascertain from what diseases their ancestors died, with a view to guarding themselves against inherited tendencies by adopting the requisite manner of life, place of residence and general self-treatment.

SUICIDES in Vienna are on the increase, the number for 1884 being 344; for 1883, 279; for 1882, 306; and for 1880, 306. Of these 281 were males, and 63 females. The youngest was a boy of 13, and the oldest a woman of 84. Shooting and March were the favorite method and month, respectively.

THE late astonishing increase of mortality among children in England, has led to an investigation, which discloses the fact that the increase comes simultaneously with the growth of the practice of insuring children's lives. Many companies, calling themselves friendly societies, encourage parents to insure the lives of infants by the payment of $5 annually for a "benefit" of $200 or $250 on the death of the child. It is found that this insurance becomes a potent inducement to wholesale infanticide.

AT swell parties in New York cigars are handed round by an attendant to the male guests as they disperse. It used to be the practice to place boxes on the tables, and just let the guests help themselves, but, as in Paris, the unprincipled practice of carrying off the weeds by handfuls became too scandalously common.

ACCORDING to a medical journal, examination of 8,726 prescriptions in a Boston drug store showed that 503 different drugs were called for by the doctors. Quinine took the lead by appearing in 292 prescriptions, morphine appeared in 172, bromide of potassium in 171, iodide of potassium in 155, and muriate of iron in 134.

THE Boston Board of Health, in view of the fact that rag-pickers have been in the habit of sorting old rags, paper, and the like in their dwellings, has passed an order prohibiting old rags, old paper, or other like refuse material, gathered or recovered from any source, from being brought into or allowed to remain within any building used as a dwelling.

A LIFE BUOY signal light has been invented, the purpose of which is to light up the sea in case of accident at night. It is attached to the life buoy by a cord, and upon being thrown overboard, bursts immediately on striking the water. The light, which cannot be extinguished by either wind or wave, burns for over an hour, and thus enables the work of rescue to be easily carried on.

TOBACCO SMOKERS may again pick up courage, for the professors at the Jena University have decided that the weed may be used in moderate quantities without injury. In the German army soldiers in active service are furnished with smoking tobacco, because smoking enables them to endure severer fatigue upon small nutrition, and with greater alacrity and confidence than would otherwise be the case.

SIMPLE integrity, simple fairness, simple justice to poor and rich alike, giving to each one his rightful dues, striving neither to oversell or underbuy goods or labor, incurring no debts that admit of a possible doubt of being promptly met, and luring no one else to do so—in short, carrying out in daily life the principles of honesty and fairness, is the very best and most efficient means of benefiting the community, and the only foundation on which to build a benevolence worthy of the name.

IN collections, centuries old, to be seen in China and Japan, are specimens of a very peculiar and striking style, drawn with the thumb-nail, which is allowed to grow very long, then dipped in ink, and, in spirited outline, presently appears the figure of an animal, a Buddhist pilgrim, or perchance a Bactrian camel; a man, perhaps, with implements of handicraft hanging from arms and shoulders, or it may be a wayfarer or road-side mendicant. Occasionally these bold touches from the hand of a master in this department of "high art" are life size, and are sketched by a few sweeps of the artist's arm. Like the simple pen-and-ink sketches of that country, many of these thumb nail sketches are mounted and rolled up like scrolls.

THE inverted railway is the startling conception of a New Jersey man, who refuses to take a patent on it, and gives it freely to the world. His idea is that the car wheels should be stationary, and operated by stationary engines, while freight would be transported in long troughs with a keel moving upon the wheels, in a permanent shed extending the whole length of the line. He shows that the cost of the fixed wheels would be only $3,500 per mile; and he claims that the whole apparatus would be cheap, and could handle freight at sixty cents per ton per one thousand miles. He would undertake to carry about everything but live stock, petroleum, large machinery and long timber. He makes out quite a plausible case for his idea, but, like the plan of rolling freight along in great cylinders, it may have practical difficulties. He proposes to have public interest in the affair "very easily and quickly" awakened by "the voluntary action of a few leading journals," and to have a test of the feasibility of the scheme at the demand of the boards of trade and chambers of commerce.

IN reference to sewing in the New York public schools, the superintendent states that for more than a year sewing classes in three grades have been organized, optional in grammar, but obligatory in primary schools. Fridays, between one and two, 38,000 girls are busy with needle and thread. The lessons are in this order: "Thread, needle and knot, basting, overhauling, hemming, running, folding down, stitching and back-stitching, gathering, seaming and filling, button holes, herring-bone stitch, darning, patch and darn, sewing on buttons, blind or slip stitch, cutting from patterns, and so on." The Board of Education supplies the needles and thread, muslin, scissors, and other materials used, and the children are as thoroughly taught in this branch as any other in the regular school course.

WITH industrial improvement comes an improved demand for labor, and with the betterment of labor there is a corresponding betterment in all the smaller channels of trade. Wage-earners are large food-consumers as well as wealth-producers. Steady employment ensures steady markets for the staples of life, and as soon as the rattle of machinery is in full play, there will be an active call for breadstuffs, clothing and provisions. The hopeful outlook for business revival lies at our own doors, not across the seas. When idle mills and idle hands find work, then alone will prosperity dawn. From factories and grain fields must come the recuperative power that will set the wheels of trade in lively motion. That power may be nearer at hand than we now discern. At last there is a look of confidence in the future.

AN English inventor has devised a new street-sweeping machine, described as consisting of a series of brushes fixed on a pair of endless chains, and revolving around spindles. These brushes sweep the mud into a receiver, which is continued upward to a height of eight feet, as a thin iron casing. Inside the casing is a series of iron scoops or buckets, fixed on endless chains and revolving around top and bottom shafts in a similar manner to the brushes. These buckets dip into the receiver and lift the mud to a delivery shoot, dredger fashion, whence it runs into a van, to the tail of which the street sweeper and elevator is attached. Motion is imparted to the mechanism by gearing from the road-traveling wheels, and either brushes or elevator can be thrown in or out of gear as desired. The van is on the mechanical tipping principle, and when it is full the sweeping apparatus is detached, and the van taken away to be emptied.

A MEDICAL expert has been giving to the public the latest investigation by physicians respecting the phenomena attending the closing of life. It seems that while there is a natural dread of death on the part of all sane and wholesome people, there is no such repugnance among those whose end is near. The function of dying is negative; we fall to pieces like a flower. The organic, chemical changes are not only natural, but are accompanied by a sense of relief, and even of pleasure. The criteria of death are being satisfied, and the process is consummated when this extinction of sensibility prevails at the ultimate filaments. During the process of this dissolution of the nerve force, this creeping on of the numbness of death, the individual is rapidly passing into a condition of repose, and, instead of torture or pangs, a degree of self-satisfaction oft approaching to enthusiasm is realized. The condition to this irritability is that the nerve center and track are sound. If this vigor vanishes, reflex phenomena are at an end, and suffering, physiologically speaking, is impossible, because of the arrest of the function of the sympathetic. Under these conditions there is no physical or mental recoil from death. Infants die as serenely as they breathe, and though hanging is the most cruel form of death, save crucifixion, yet, after the first agony from strangulation, hallucinations follow that are intensely pleasurable. Death means rest and relief from suffering. Its chief terror to the well is in what may follow in the long and lonely night which comes after dissolution.

HERE AND THERE.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

When first the sailor rides the deep
For lands he ne'er has seen before,
Then in his dreams may fancy creep,
And paint the features of the shore.

So all afloat on Time's vast sea,
May in their musing prophecy,
How bright that shrouded shore may be,
To which unfettered spirits ply.

And by the measure that we see,
The charms of nature here below,
We may admire in like degree,
Fair Beauty in her deathless glow.

And those unthrilled by her rays here,
Nor see her beams with mortal eye,
To them she may in that blest sphere,
Still aye her matchless hues deny.

Singed Wings.

BY R. L. KERR.

"I CAN'T think how he could be so absurd as to suppose I was in earnest!" said Lavinia Lane, fanning her flushed cheeks with a discomposed air. "Of course I was only amusing myself."

"Isn't that rather a dangerous way of amusing yourself?" inquired her companion, a formal-looking but not unkindly old maid of about fifty. "What may be fun to you is sometimes death to others."

"'Men have died, and worms have eaten them,
But not for love.'"

quoted Lavinia, with a light laugh. "I am sure you needn't be the least anxious on your cousin's account, Miss Lanborough. He won't die."

"That is why I am so sorry for him, poor fellow!" was the grave reply. "If he could die, there would be an end of all his troubles."

Lavinia Lane gave an impatient shrug of her graceful shoulders.

"I am very sorry, Miss Lanborough, but I cannot really feel any sympathy in love-troubles, simply because I do not believe in love."

"Then why do you pretend to believe in it."

"I can't remember that I ever made any pretence of the sort. The fact is, it was only a little flirtation, and Mr. Lanborough could have seen quite well that it was, if he had chosen. I hate a man who publishes these little disappointments abroad, and you may tell your cousin so from me if you like!"

"I would not repeat such a heartless speech for the world, Lavinia!" replied Miss Lanborough, severely. "I never lower my sex in any man's eyes if I can help it."

"You may lower me as much as you like in Mr. Lanborough's eyes! I really shan't mind," she said haughtily. "I am quite tired of his very name!"

"Perhaps you may hear it again in a way that will make you wish you never heard it at all," said Miss Lanborough, with prophetic severity. "But as far as I am concerned I have said my say, and shall never trouble you again."

"And much better too. I can't think why you interfered at first!" was the pert reply.

"Because the poor fellow you have ruined has been as dear to me as any son could have been. Do you think I could see him suffer, and keep silent?"

"I really don't know," answered Lavinia, wearily. "But I do know, that all the talking in the world would never make me marry Mr. Lanborough."

"I don't fancy all the talking in the world would make him marry you now," retorted the other, sharply. "His infatuation is over, if the results remain."

"It is a pity he can't get rid of the results with equal facility," replied Lavinia, stung into speaking harshly. "I fancy everyone is tired of hearing how ill-used he has been."

Miss Lanborough looked at her with a sort of horror. She could not understand any woman being so heartless as this girl, and glorying in her own work of destruction. She forgot that Lavinia might be ignorant of the full extent of the evil, and look upon her story as a mere exaggeration.

Lavinia had led a butterfly life hitherto, flirting to her heart's content, and as a rule, men accepted their fate very philosophically or just grumbled a little and went their way; but Philip Lanborough was of an earnest, steadfast nature, and he had loved her desperately, wildly, with all the ardor of a first intense passion.

He believed in her smiles, he took all her little arts and wiles for encouragement, forgetting that the thirst for the conquest makes many girls blind to principle and right feeling both, and that Lavinia Lane did not look like the sort of person who would be willing to give up everything for love—for Philip was comparatively poor, and Lavinia had been accustomed to luxury from her cradle.

It was a sad, miserable mistake, there was no doubt, and Lavinia was really sorry in her heart; but she was not accustomed to blame, and therefore, instead of saying she was sorry, she showed resentment at Miss Lanborough's interference, and so made herself seem worse than she really was. The elder lady took her departure presently so disgusted with the girl, she found it difficult to understand or sympathize with her cousin's infatuation; whilst Lavinia, who had borne herself so defiantly during their interview, was no sooner alone than she flung herself across the couch, and cried herself ill.

Mr. Lane was a man who liked company; and with a clever, handsome wife, and two beautiful daughters, we may be sure his house was very attractive to visitors, and he had what he liked. Therefore, both Lavinia and Laura had been accustomed to gentlemen's society all their lives, and much preferred it to that of their own sex.

As they never hesitated to confess this fact, they were not popular with the ladies about; and Philip Lanborough had plenty of sympathizers when his wrongs became known—and they soon were known—for Miss Lanborough was too indignant to keep silent. Philip himself had gone away for a change; and so long as she did not meet him, Lavinia minded little enough. But she was getting to shrink from the haggard face and reproachful eyes of the man whom she had destroyed out of pure thoughtlessness, and wished again and again he had never crossed her path.

This was the state of things when the great county ball at Evesham took place. The Lanes were the most brilliant party in the room—Mrs. Lane looking almost as young as her daughters, in blue satin and pearls; the two girls in white, with natural flowers in their hair. Lavinia was dark, with rich but soft coloring, and eyes of wonderful depth and brilliancy. Laura was fair—like her mother—and equally lovely in a different style.

Some people admired one the most, and some the other, so that each had her court. Lavinia was rather timid on entering the room, for she almost feared she might be neglected; but if the women looked coldly on her, the men rallied round her, and she missed none of the attention to which she was accustomed.

Flushed with her double triumph, her eyes shining, her red lips parting with frequent smiles, Lavinia was looking her loveliest, when a strange gentleman was brought up to be introduced to her by one of the stewards.

There was a look of calm, quiet power about this stranger that impressed the volatile Lavinia so much, she quite forgot to flirt for once in her life—and for once in her life, too, she was better pleased to listen than to talk. Before the waltz was half over they left the ball-room, and wandered along the passages until they came to a sort of recess, heavily draped by red moreen curtains, and here they sat down.

The music of the band reached them faintly, and made a soft accompaniment for Captain Haythorne's mellow tones; and the beautiful butterfly at his side ceased even to flutter her brilliant wings, and sat absorbed, with down-cast lashes and changing color, wondering at herself.

When the music ceased, she rose with undisguised reluctance.

"I am afraid I must go now. I am engaged for the next dance," she said.

"Are you not unusually conscientious?" he asked, smiling. "We have a good hiding place here, and I thought it was a habit with ladies to throw men over!"

Lavinia shook her head, and looked as innocent as if she had never heard of such a thing before.

"Indeed I can't break my promise, Captain Haythorne!"

He looked at her with sudden, almost passionate approval.

"I am glad you can't!" he said. "I like a girl who is true in small things—true to the core, in fact; and I only said that to try you!"

How Lavinia congratulated herself now for not having yielded! She would certainly have done so, only that the gentleman she was engaged to was the brother of a girl whom she disliked extremely, and who was always crying her down; and this gave a zest to Lavinia's flirtations with the young man himself. He was looking for her everywhere evidently, for when he saw her approaching he ran forward at once to claim his dance; but not until Captain Haythorne had bent tenderly forward to whisper in her ear:

"Mind, you have promised me three more waltzes, Miss Lane! You must not disappoint me, for I shall dance with no one but you!"

And wherever she moved after this, his deep eyes followed her, until she felt a strange sort of embarrassment creeping over her, and sensations so novel and sweet she wondered at herself.

It was he who cloaked her when the ball was over, saying, softly, as he drew the swansdown hood over her head:

"I shall not say good-bye, but *au revoir*, since you tell me I may call to-morrow."

"I am sure papa will be very happy to see you," answered Lavinia, with a ready flush.

"If someone else is happy to see me, I shall deem myself a fortunate man indeed!"

"I don't know anybody of that name!" said Lavinia, with a touch of her old coquetry; "but I'll answer for papa, and mamma, and Laura."

"And not for Lavinia?"

"I never answer for Lavinia," she said, smiling. "I think it is better not."

"Why? Isn't she to be trusted, then?"

"You are a perfect note of interrogation!" she retorted, with an uneasy little laugh. "Don't I look reliable?"

"You look everything that is charming, Miss Lane."

"Don't flatter me, please! I am so tired of flattery," she said, really feeling so as she spoke. "I wonder why it is always considered the proper thing to talk nonsense to women?"

"Because most women like nonsense, I think. We are only too glad when we meet with a sensible girl who doesn't care for compliments."

"Then pray treat me as if I were sensible!" she said, with a seductive smile.

"Thank you for the permission" he exclaimed, eagerly.

And then she held out her white-gloved hand, and bade him good-night with new softness and all her old grace.

Captain Haythorne stood on the steps, bare-headed, watching the carriage as it disappeared into the darkness of the winter's night, and there was a wonderful light in his grave eyes as he turned away presently, fetched his great-coat and hat, and went towards his hotel, with the strains of the "Blue Danube Waltzes" ringing in his ears, and a strange thrill all through his being when he recalled Lavinia's look and words as she floated lightly along in his arms.

"It was a delicious time!" he said to himself. "Nevertheless, when I have a wife she shall not dance the round dances with anyone but myself!"

So saying he turned in, after one more look at the moon that was lighting Lavinia home, and went to bed.

Lavinia had always been too sure of herself to trouble about the effect she made; but that afternoon she shut herself in her room, and tried on three different dresses before she was satisfied. When she decided upon white finally it was to tone down her flushed cheeks, which were almost as bright as the crimson rose she wore in her bosom.

She had only just put the finishing touch to her toilette when the bell rang, and she had scarcely time to dart into the drawing-room and find a seat before Captain Haythorne was announced.

Captain Haythorne had not slept since he saw Lavinia last—he had too much to think of in the interim—and he had come to the conclusion, on his way to Darryton, that he had done about the most foolish thing a man can do—namely, fallen in love at first sight with a girl of whom he knew nothing except that she was beautiful.

"However, if her mind doesn't match her face, I shall have to fall out of it again, let the effort cost me what it may," he said to himself, resolutely. "There's one thing absolutely certain—I will not marry a woman I cannot respect."

And he could not look into the firm face without feeling that what he said he would do—crush out any feeling that warred with principle, even if by so doing he ruined all his future life.

But Lavinia's security was not troubled by any fears as to the future. She had never yet come across a man whom she could not manage; and though there was something about Captain Haythorne that showed he was different from the rest, she had no reason to suppose that her charms would not be be all-potent here as well as elsewhere.

Captain Haythorne stayed an hour, chatting with all, but looking always at Lavinia, who kept somewhat in the background for once, feeling a sudden timidity she could not account for herself.

Mr. Lane lounged in at five o'clock for a cup of tea, and seemed so pleased with his visitor, he invited him to dinner the next day, to meet a few neighbors.

"He seems a good sort of a fellow," was his comment, when Captain Haythorne had departed, "and he would be a splendid match for one of the girls."

"Oh! How do you know?" inquired Mrs. Lane, looking up quickly.

"Because I met Colonel Lawrence this afternoon, and he told me that Haythorne was heir to a baronetcy and fifteen thousand a year."

"I wonder what he is doing down here?" observed Mr. Lane, reflectively.

"I know what he is doing down here. He came for the Evesham ball at Lawrence's persuasion."

"Then why didn't he go to his house? I hear he is at an hotel."

"I see," said Mr. Lane, quite satisfied with the explanation. "We must ask him to come here very often. Hotel life in England is not very cheerful, you know."

A week passed, and Captain Haythorne did not speak of leaving Evesham, although one would have supposed a dull country town could not have had much attraction for a man who had been all over the world. But then he was very often at Darryton Grange, and in this way the time did not perhaps appear so long.

Lavinia was strangely quiet for her all this time; and one day, when she met Miss Lanborough, and the other would have passed her by with a cold bow, Lavinia stopped her and said, timidly:

"How is Mr. Lanborough?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I am so sorry for all that has passed, Miss Lanborough."

"Oh! this is something quite new," said the old maid, ungraciously. "You told me a couple of weeks ago that you were sick of his very name."

"I was worried, and I spoke crossly; I am afraid, but I really didn't mean what I said, Miss Lanborough," she added, pleadingly; for she began to realise that the other could ruin all her hopes with a word if she choose. "It was because I felt ashamed, and did not like to confess it, that I spoke sharply; and upon my honor, I meant no harm in flirting with your cousin."

"Then what did you mean?" asked her companion, severely.

"Nothing, I suppose—at least I am afraid I fancied—Mr. Lanborough was like the rest, and after amusing himself a little, would go away and forget all about me."

"I admire your credulity," was the uncompromising reply. "I suppose you think you will gain something by your present concession, Lavinia, for I know what is going on at the Grange. But you needn't be afraid of me; I am not acquainted with Captain Haythorne, and if I were I shouldn't interfere. He is a man of the world, and knows how to take care of himself."

Lavinia was irritated into saying, resentfully:

"As far as that goes, Mr. Lanborough was a man of the world too."

"What, poor Philip? Where did you see anything worldly about him? He was just the most romantic idiot, as far as women were concerned, I ever knew. He thought you as pure as an angel, and would never listen to a word of warning."

"If you were always warning him against me, it was his own fault if he yielded," said Lavinia, quickly.

"Of course it is always a man's own fault if he yields, we know, just as it is his own fault if he commits suicide: but then some of us are old-fashioned enough to blame those who lead them into temptation. However, it is no use our discussing this question all over again, Lavinia. I know what your real opinion or the subject is, and the humility that is born of self-interest does not affect me at all. Good morning."

And Miss Lanborough turned her back upon Lavinia, and walked quickly away in the other direction.

Lavinia was very much disconcerted; but when she reflected over their interview later, she consoled herself with the recollection that Miss Lanborough had promised not to tell Captain Haythorne of her unlucky flirtation with Philip; and as her object in speaking to her had been to obtain this promise, she agreed that she had not much to complain of after all.

And these few days of close intimacy with a true, noble character like Captain Haythorne's had changed Lavinia wonderfully. She had a longing now not to attract the other, but to deserve his love, and she wanted to blot out the past as if it had never been, and start afresh.

But the past is no longer in our own hands, and therefore Lavinia's prayer now was that Captain Haythorne might never learn her fault. If only people would leave him in ignorance, she meant for the future to live up to the character she had assumed. And so one evening, when the words she had expected him to speak came softly and tremulously from his firm lips—"Lavinia, I love you"—she felt like a queen who has come into her kingdom, and could not answer him for very joy.

"My darling," he murmured, stooping forward to look under the downcast eyelids, "you have not been deceiving me all this while? you are far too true! Why, then, don't you answer me?"

Lavinia turned to him then, her face covered with blushes, but her eyes uplifted now, and all the love she felt shining through them into his.

"I do love you!" she said, modestly, but firmly. "Only my heart is so full——"

"Not of sorrow, Lavinia?"

"No, of happiness," she answered, without hesitation.

And then he enfolded her in his arms for the first, and kissed her lips with strong but respectful passion.

"I seem to have been looking for you, and waiting for you so long," he went on presently, holding her fast, as if he could not bear to let her go even for a moment, for fear his happiness should feel less real. "I know the moment I saw you that I had found my wife!"

"And I," answered Lavinia, shivering, she know not why, "felt that I had found my fate!"

"Is that another name for your husband?" he asked, smiling.

"I don't know."

"Then you ought to know, Miss Lavinia Lane," he said, with playful reproach. "I want you to feel very decided upon every question that concerns me."

"I am very decided upon one question, and that ought to be enough."

"Little sophist!" he murmured, tenderly. "I see you want to put me off with pretty speeches. But I shall tell you, as you told me the night I made your acquaintance, that I am tired of compliments."

"In that case you will proclaim yourself a coxcomb!" she answered, in the same bantering tone.

"I am afraid I am going to justify your taunt," he added, looking pleadingly into her flushed face, "for I am going to ask you to give me something very, very precious at once, and I should be vain indeed, supposing I thought myself worthy of the gift."

"I am sure I shall not refuse you if you tell me what it is," she said as innocent as a dove.

He put his lips close to the delicate ear, and whispered, softly:

"I want you to give me yourself in one month's time, Lavinia! Stop," he added, as she opened her mouth to remonstrate. "Hear all my arguments for first, and then I will listen to those against. You know I am a lonely man, Lavinia, without parents, and without a home. I am tired of wandering about the world, and I want to settle down at once. But I appeal to you, who could settle down without a wife?"

"Some people do," she answered, shily.

"Not a man with any heart in him; and what is there to wait for?"

"I am not sure papa would like me to marry so young."

"Well, I will ask him, shall I? And if he says we may be married in a month, will you consent also?"

Lavinia refused at first, because the idea startled her; but after awhile he talked her over, and she gave in.

"It will seem absurdly sudden to everyone," she said; "but I suppose you must have your way."

"Of course I must!" he returned, laughing at her discomfited air. "We ought to begin as we mean to go on; and, Lavinia, my darling I promise you you shall never regret the sacrifice you have made to-day."

"I am not afraid of that," she admitted; "but——"

"But what, Lavinia?"

"I am afraid you will be disappointed in me, Dudley."

"If that is your only trouble, Lavinia, I think I can reassure you. I don't expect my wife to be an angel—indeed, I should know she could not care for me if she were. I only ask that she should be faithful, loving, honest-hearted, and should have nothing in her life she needs to hide from me."

Lavinia colored faintly, and then became very pale.

"I wonder how much there is in your life you would need to hide from her? You men are so unjust! Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected, but Cæsar himself may do just what he likes!"

"That is not my creed, at any rate. What I ask of my wife, I shall also give her—entire confidence and love."

"In the future, you mean?"

"And also as concerns the past."

Lavinia laughed, although she felt far more inclined to cry.

"It's a good thing I have no secrets!" she said. "I suppose if I had committed murder you would expect me to tell you?"

"Certainly I should."

"Do you know, Captain Haythorne, I begin to be quite afraid of you!"

"Do you know, Miss Lane, I am beginning to feel quite suspicious of you? Surely, if you love me, it must seem natural to tell me everything?"

"It may later," she answered, evasively; "but I have only known you such a little time as yet. You must be patient with me, and I will try to be all you wish—I will indeed!"

"My darling, you are all I could wish now!" he answered, with passionate fervor; and Lavinia laid her head down on his broad shoulder, and tried to see no possibilities beyond the sweet ones he was whispering in her ear.

Of course Mr. Lane gave his consent to an early marriage between the lovers. Captain Haythorne was just the son-in-law he coveted; and he thought it a good thing to secure him at once, in case he should change his mind. For the moment he could not make very grand settlements; but when he came into the baronetcy, he would be able to secure Lavinia an ample jointure, in case she survived him; so that Mr. Lane was quite satisfied, and boasted everywhere of his daughter's brilliant prospects.

The preparations for the wedding went on rapidly. Captain Haythorne sent such generous presents that Mr. Lane had very little to buy on the whole; and as he was an extravagant man, it suited him very well to have such a liberal person to deal with.

As for Lavinia, although she had once worshipped jewels, she was so absorbed in her happiness, she scarcely glanced at anything her lover sent. Her one thought was to please him, and, alas! to deceive him as to her past!

"Nothing would induce me to marry a coquette," he often said; "not only because I despise a girl who makes such an evil use of her beauty, but also because I should never feel that I could trust her. The love of intrigue and flirtation shows an order of mind I especially abominate; and moreover, when once it has grown into a habit, it is seldom overcome."

In vain Lavinia would insinuate faintly that girls flirted sometimes without knowing the harm they did; Captain Haythorne held fast to his opinion with the firmness that sometimes degenerates into obstinacy. Lavinia might have thought, had she not loved him so foolishly and blindly, that everything he did was right in her sight.

It was not until within a week of their marriage that the smallest cloud came between them. It happened in this wise: they were riding together one morning, talking of the bright future that lay before them, when they met a gentleman in the neighborhood—a former admirer of Lavinia's—whom she had encouraged for her amusement, and then refused.

Mr. Long was a philosopher, and after a week of depression he had been able to sing gaily enough:

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be."

On reflection, he was not sure she had not done him a kindness by refusing him, as he did not really want to marry; so that instead of bearing Lavinia any malice, he was disposed to be upon very friendly terms.

Lavinia, who knew her lover's dislike to free-and-easy intimacies, became very nervous when she found Mr. Long draw up his horse and walk it along at her side.

"Why, I hear you are going to be married Lavinia," exclaimed the young man, cheerfully, unconscious of the evil feelings he was exciting in Captain Haythorne's breast, "What a shame it is!"

"I don't see that," she answered, trying to speak with dignity; but Mr. Long was not accustomed to dignity from Lavinia Lane, and laughed loudly at the assumption.

"Don't you be afraid, Captain Haythorne won't be jealous of me," he said, in his big hearty voice. "You may tell him a little secret if he is, eh! Lavinia, ha, ha, ha! I ought to shoot him, I suppose, but this isn't a duelling age. I'll wish him happiness instead."

He held out his hand to Captain Haythorne over Lavinia, but the other pretended not to see it, and bowed stiffly as he thanked him for his kind wishes.

"I see I am *de trop*," whispered Mr. Long slily. "Good-bye, Lavinia."

And just raising his hat ever so little, he nodded cheerfully, and rode off.

Captain Haythorne's eyes were full of anger as he turned them on Lavinia.

"How dare that man call you by your name? He is an insolent fellow, I can see; but no gentleman ever takes a liberty of this sort unless a girl has given him some justification."

Lavinia hung her head, and was mute.

"Do you hear?" he went on. "I require to know upon what terms you have been with Mr. Long, since he speaks to you so familiarly?"

"I have known him a long time," she stammered out at last; "and he means no harm, Dudley."

"Perhaps not, but he does you a good deal of harm, at any rate; but what did he mean, pray, by insinuating there was some secret between you and him? You might tell me if I were jealous?"

"There are some things it is dishonorable to tell even you," she answered, evasively. "You wouldn't like to hear me boast of my conquests?"

"No; but I should like you to keep men at a proper distance. I shall make a point of telling Mr. Long, the next time I see him, that I object to any man but your father and myself calling you Lavinia; and if he persists after this, I shall knock him down."

"I promise you it shan't happen again. You needn't be the least afraid," exclaimed Lavinia, anxiously; "Mr. Long is a good-natured sort of man, and I am sure he would not wish to do anything that displeased you."

"Then it did not displease *you*?"

"Yes it did, very much; but you see," hesitating and blushing, "I ought to be a little considerate to him under the circumstances; and when one has to disappoint a person, one is apt, perhaps, to be too gracious in order to soften the blow. But you see," with a tender, imploring smile, "no one will ever care for me in that way again, and my future name with everyone will be Mrs. Haythorne."

It was impossible to resist such a speech as this, accompanied as it was by a delicious blush; and Captain Haythorne held out his hand to her, his dark brows unbending.

"If I loved you less," he said, "I should mind less. But I want you to be all my own, Lavinia; and I wish often you had lived in a desert before I came, and never seen any man until you saw me."

Lavinia laughed at this fine conceit, and peace was made between them; for she had a feeling, nevertheless, as if she was living on the brink of a precipice, and felt the ground trembling beneath her feet; still, no one else seemed to dream of any insecurity, and the preparations went on for the marriage right merrily. Mr. Lane was to give a ball on the evening of the wedding, after the happy pair had started on their honeymoon; and as nearly every invitation had been accepted it promised to be a brilliant affair.

The dress came home from Madam Mode's the day before, and after examining it with flushing cheeks and glistening eyes, Lavinia went down to take her last walk with her lover.

"It must be a short one," Mrs. Lane declared; as there was so much to do in the way of packing, Lavinia must superintend herself. And Captain Haythorne promised not to be unreasonable, as he tucked Lavinia's hand close under his arm, and went off for their favorite stroll by the river.

It was a beautiful, sunny morning of early spring, when the very ground has a sweet smell of violets, and the hedges are all breaking into tender green.

"I hope it will be as fine as this to-morrow," Captain Haythorne had just said, as he looked passionately into Lavinia's changing face, when suddenly from the buttress of the bridge near which they had been standing, rose up a wild figure, with haggard face and unkempt hair.

Lavinia shrunk closer to her lover's side, as the terrible eyes sought hers, a movement which seemed to add fuel to the fire consuming the poor distracted creature, for he cried out, fiercely:

"Ay, hide yourself in his arms if you dare, and I will tear you out of them! Do you remember the night you laid your false beautiful face on my shoulder, and listened to my words of love? It is his turn now, I know, but do you think I will stand by tamely and see such a wrong done! I have sworn before Heaven, do you hear, that you shall belong to me, even if I have to carry you with me to another world."

He grasped her arm so savagely that she called out with the pain; and whether this cry moved him to sudden compassion, or the sight of her pale beauty bewildered him, certain it is, he loosened his hold of her wrist, seized her in his arms before Captain Haythorne could interpose, and having kissed her lips thrice passionately, let her go as suddenly, and sprang on the parapet of the bridge.

With one bound Captain Haythorne cleared the intervening space, and caught at the wretched man's coat.

"For Heaven's sake, come down!" he cried, but the man laughed loudly, flung his arms into the air, and leapt into the hurrying currents beneath.

Captain Haythorne rushed down to the bank, and was throwing off his coat to plunge in after Philip Lanborough—for he it was—when Lavinia clung to him with all the strength of despair.

"Oh! Dudley!" she cried, "it would be certain death to you, and would not help him; the river is so terribly deep and strong just here."

All her pleading would have been in vain only that at this moment they caught sight of Philip's face gleaming white against a huge iron bar, in which he had evidently become entangled, and Captain Haythorne saw that the unfortunate man had struck something in falling, and was already dead.

He put Lavinia aside then, and faced her.

"Was it true what he said?" came coldly from his pale lips.

Lavinia hung her head. With Philip lying there as a witness against her, she could not lie.

"Yes, it was true," she faltered out.

"The knowledge has come just in time," he went on, in the same measured tone. "I would rather die than marry a woman who had such a murder as that on her soul!"

"Murder! Oh! Dudley!" she repeated, faintly.

But as she looked into his frozen face she knew that his love was dead with Philip Lanborough, and that any appeal would be worse than useless.

All sense but the sense of suffering and life-long despoilment went from her then, and she fell in a heap, lifeless, at his feet.

When she came to her senses, she found herself in her own room at home, and saw by Mrs. Lane's face that she knew all. Later she heard that Captain Haythorne had explained everything to Mr. Lane, offered any pecuniary compensation they might like to demand, but expressed at the same time his irrevocable resolution never to marry Lavinia, or even see her again, if he could help it, on this side of the grave.

Mr. Lane could not force him to marry, and he would not take money. Once, and only once, he pleaded for Lavinia; but Captain Haythorne stopped him sternly.

"You need not be anxious on her account, Mr. Lane. A coquette has no heart, and she will keep all my presents."

The Lanes braved the matter out finely, the ball taking place all the same, and Lavinia dancing at it in one of her wedding-gowns, with rouge on her pallid cheeks and quivering lips. But if Miss Lanborough could have seen her, she would never have doubted that the poor fellow lying so cold and still in her guest-chamber was fully avenged.

A little while after this the Lanes left Darryton for good, on the plea that Lavinia's health necessitated an entire change; and Miss Lanborough laughed grimly in her sleeve.

Laura profited by the lesson she had received, and married after awhile; but though Lavinia lived on against her will, she never really recovered the shock of Philip's death and the desertion of the man she had truly loved. She abjured all society, and devoted herself to church-work and the poor; but if she had hoped that Dudley would ever repent of his harshness and come back to her, she was sadly disappointed, for five years after their separation he married a quiet little girl, who was neither clever nor beautiful, only good; and when she heard of him at all it was as a respected landlord and the happy father of a numerous family so that she could not even hope he looked back upon the past with regret.

"Poor Philip is yonder, and all his troubles are over!" Miss Lanborough (a very old woman now) says sternly sometimes, adding with a little chuckle, "and beautiful Lavinia Lane is an old maid, like me; so that is what comes occasionally of only a flirtation!"

Outwitted.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

STEENIE FARNHAM was my niece, my sister's motherless child, and I an old maid a long way down the declining pathway of life when John, my brother-in-law, begged of me to come and take care of Steenie and his household.

My niece's name was Stephania; but she called herself Steenie when she was a baby, and the name clung to her.

She grew up under her father's care and mine into a maiden of seventeen, fair as a lily, blooming as a rose, with blue eyes and crinkly golden hair, and a mouth as kissable as a baby's.

She was an amiable, sweet girl, but John had indulged her, and I must confess I had aided him, till Steenie was as helpless as a child in many ways, and had altogether too much romance in her pretty golden-curled head.

She would tell me of her dreams, of her ideal hero, who would come, at some time, to woo her and carry her to an earthly Paradise of perpetual love and never-ending happiness.

And if I ventured upon some common-sense theories to demolish this pretty castle, she would shrug her shoulders, and say—

"But you were never married, auntie, so you cannot tell! Look at papa and mamma!"

That always silenced me, for my sister's short wedded life was more like a poem than a fact.

John worshipped her, and her extremely delicate health brought into play all the tender chivalry of his nature.

She was surrounded by such love and care as I never saw equalled, and mourned as few are ever mourned in this changing world.

It was all told to Steenie little by little, and she heard her father ever speak of his dead wife with dewy eyes and a gentle pathos infinitely touching in his strong, vigorous manhood.

So Steenie nursed her ideal of love, and found no hero, until she was nearly eighteen, upon whom to lavish her romantic imagination, for I never believed the strong true heart was really touched.

When Steenie was yet only half way across the flowery path stretching from her seventeenth to her eighteenth birthday, my aunt Maria died, at the advanced age of ninety-three.

She was a wealthy widow, and she divided her estate amongst a number of poor relatives, but to Steenie she left her jewels.

These jewels were the collection of a lifetime, the fruit of vanity in youth, and became a sort of passion of old age.

Maria had loved glittering stones, and to the last of her life decked herself with them.

She loved Steenie, and so left her everyone of the beautiful gems.

The collection was large for a single woman's possession, but its great value lay in the purity and size of the separate stones.

A diamond cross had a rose diamond in the centre of great beauty and cost.

A ruby ring was almost priceless from the size and purity of the stone.

One whole set of emeralds represented a small fortune in every piece.

When the jewels were sent, we spent a whole morning admiring their wonderful beauty.

"To think," Steenie said, piling the glittering mass upon her lap, "that these cost fifty thousand pounds, and the cases and all will go into this small satchel."

I remembered that speech latter, many weeks after, when the jewels had become a matter of course, and ceased to be a special topic of conversation.

Steenie thought little of them then, for her hero had come to Rutherford.

He came in the month of roses, when June sunshine made the whole earth radiant, and he met Steenie in one of her long walks, and introduced himself by protecting her from his own dog, who barked furiously at her approach.

More than once they met before John became acquainted with Herbert Arnold, and with his usual cordial hospitality invited him to the house.

I did not like him.

I do not pretend to have any more insight into character than other people, or read faces any more accurately.

But I did distrust Herbert Arnold from the first.

He represented himself as a young merchant from London on an amateur sketching tour for the summer; also declared himself devoted to John's one hobby, a love of fishing.

So he became intimate with Steenie, going off with John for fishing and sketching, and returning to a substantial early meal.

In the evening he would sing with Steenie play chess with John, and examine the progress of my crochet work.

He had certainly all that a society man requires to be popular.

Small talk in plenty, a good voice, a ready polished courtesy, and that deference for every one's opinion that is fascinating to old and young.

He lent John some publications upon his favorite sport; he sent music and flowers to Steenie, and actually drew several patch-work patterns especially for me.

But before he had been long upon this intimate footing in the house, I began to suspect that he was seeing Steenie oftener than was apparent to her father or me.

She quoted remarks sometimes, I was sure were never spoken in the parlor, and she took longer and more frequent walks than ever before.

Besides, there was often an abstraction in her manner, as if her thoughts were far away.

This troubled me sorely.

Never had the child hidden a thought from me before, and she was still so young it grieved me to think she was having her womanhood thrust yet upon her.

Once I hinted something of my fears to John, but he could not think of Steenie as more than a little girl.

"Her mother was married at eighteen, John," I said.

"Yes, yes," he answered, hurriedly, as he always did when the great wound of his life was pressed; but Steenie is too young to think of these things."

But the anxiety would not leave me.

What was I to do?

To tell Steenie the villain was discovered would only postpone the scheme that he proposed, and there was yet time to avert the catastrophe.

I went again to Steenie's room, dropped the letter where I had found it, and returned to my own room.

In an hour I had telegraphed to John, begging him to come home in the train by which Herbert Arnold proposed to carry off Steenie.

"Look for friends on the platform," I added to the message, for I had no mind to put our darling's name in the gossip of the telegraph operator.

All the next day Steenie was nervously busy in her own room, unconscious that I, in my room adjoining it, heard every movement.

The train was due at Rutherford at three o'clock in the afternoon.

At two I called Steenie, and pleading headache, asked her to make me a cup of tea.

She went to the kitchen, and I softly opened the door between my room and hers.

Upon the bed were her walking-dress, hat and shawl, and a small black satchel, containing, as I supposed, her legacy from Maria.

Five minutes finished my work, and when the tea came I was in my arm-chair again, languidly nursing my most violent headache.

It gave me a pang to see the look of relief upon Steenie's pretty face when I begged her to darken the room and let me sleep for an hour or two.

A little later I heard her creep down the stairs. Then a new torture possessed me.

Suppose John did not receive my telegram or failed to come!

Should Herbert Arnold carry our darling Steenie away?

I hurried to dress, ordered the carriage, and followed the girl, giving the coachman strict orders not to overtake her.

I saw her ascend the steps to the platform, saw Herbert Arnold join her, heard the train come up.

And then, Heaven be thanked! John sprang from the carriage.

He comprehended the situation at a glance, for I saw his face darken as he spoke to Herbert Arnold.

A moment later he was carrying Steenie, all limp and senseless, down the steps.

I saw Herbert Arnold catch the satchel as it fell from Steenie's nerveless hand.

In another moment the train was puffing past, with Herbert Arnold in it, and John was at the carriage door, with Steenie just reviving.

We drove home rapidly, Steenie sobbing pitifully in my arms, John pale and stern, opposite us.

No word was spoken till we were in the parlor.

Then John, turning to me, asked—

"Did you ever hear of a James Davis in your family?"

"Certainly; he is a son of my cousin."

"You never saw him?"

"Never; but I know he was a scamp. He squandered the little fortune left by his father to his mother, got himself into disgrace with his employer by some dishonest practices, became a gambler, and finally married a school teacher, who supports him."

"You are perfectly correct. I will finish the list of his crimes for you. Finding himself left out of your Aunt Maria's will, he resolved to obtain possession of her valuable jewels by eloping with Stephanie.'

"Father!" Stephanie cried with a white, horror-stricken face, "it was not Herbert!"

"Exactly, my dear—Herbert Arnold, whose wife is doubtless wondering where he is passing his summer. But for your aunt's telegram you would now be on your way to Liverpool with James Davis, a gambler and a married man."

The white misery on Steenie's face was terrible to see.

She cowered down shivering.

I drew her into my arms, thanking Heaven it was no worse.

Suddenly she looked up.

"I forgot," she said, "my satchel—where is my satchel?"

"Our cousin caught it from your hand when you fainted at the railway-station. I saw him take it, and carry it into the carriage," I said.

"Oh, father!" Steenie cried, bursting into a passion of tears, "I ought not to care, since you have saved me—but—but——"

"Well, child," John said, kindly, "what is it? Little I care for any other loss, now you are here safe beside me. What was in the satchel?"

"All Aunt Maria's jewels!"

John could not repress a cry of dismay.

"The villain!" he cried. "So he secured the prize, after all?"

"Not exactly," said I. "The jewels were not in the satchel."

"Yes, auntie, they were," Steenie said, sadly. "I opened the bag just before the train came up, and all the cases were there."

"All the cases were there," I said, "but the jewels are all in your upper bureau drawer, under a pile of linen there. I emptied every case while you were making my tea."

But we, who love her, were well satisfied with the noble, sweet woman who replaced our merry child.

And when, six years afterwards, she married a man in every way worthy of her, she took as her dowry to her new home, Aunt Maria's legacy of jewels.

My Ship's Carpenter.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

WE were lying in the Penarth Dock, near Cardiff, after having completed that most disagreeable of operations, the taking in of a large cargo of coals, and were only waiting for the tide in order to pursue our voyage to Caen. I was pacing the deck, smoking the first pipe of peace I had enjoyed for some time, when I heard a disturbance at the accommodation-ladder which led from the ship to the quay, and in a few seconds a wild unwashed-looking creature with flashing black eyes and long matted hair came rushing towards me, followed by my chief officer.

"What's the row, Mr. Robbins?" I asked, as the stranger, panting and breathless, threw himself at my feet.

"Can't make him out, sir—that I can't," replied the officer. "He's a Dutchman of some sort or other"—in the eyes of sailors all foreigners are Dutchmen—"and he comes aboard sayin' as how he wants to be taken on as carpenter, 'cos he hears as how the *Sunderland* is a-goin' to a French port. We tells him as how we're provided; but he won't take no denial and says he must see the cap'en."

"Well, my man," I said sternly, "what is it? We don't want two carpenters—isn't that sufficient?"

"*Mon Dieu*, Monsieur le Captaine," the poor fellow returned, having recovered his breath, "I have come for to go vid you as carpenter, or as any mortal sing you like. I do not vant money—no, I vill work for nosing; but I you pray to take me vid you, and, if you vill listen to me for von two minutes, I vill tell you for vy."

There was something so tearfully earnest in his manner, and he looked such a pitiable object, that I motioned the chief officer to go away, and bade the man say all that he wished. So he continued.

"I am a scaramouch, I know—I am dirty, I am in rags; but perhaps, ven I tell you a leetle more, you may sink different of me. I com from Rouen, on ze Seine: I vas a ship-builder dere—me and my brozer. Ve vere not rich, but ve vere comfortable and ve lived on ze Mouna Sainte Catherine vid our only sister *ze pauvre* Jacqueline. She vas *fiancee* to a lieutenant of ze Twelvne Reghment in ze Caserne at Rouen, and she vas going to be married in a few weeks, ven a friend of ours, an Englishmen, Monsieur le Captaine, fell in love vid her, and he ran off vid her, and me and my brozer hav not seen zem since. And dis vas tree year ago, and ever since me and my brozer ve have been looking all over ze vorld for him, and, if ve catch him, vy, den"—and the man looked almost fiendish as he spoke these words, and tapped significantly a formidable-looking knife which hung in a leather sheath at his waist—"vy, den ve shall kill him."

"Who was he," I asked, "and what was his name?"

"His name vas Curtis," replied the Frenchman—"Richard Curtis; a big man he vas—big of six feet, and he vas den a captain of a ship."

This was strange, for the consignees of my ship at Caen were Richard Curtis & Co., and Dick Curtis, who answered to the description given by the Frenchman, had been an especial chum of mine, although I had not now seen him for some years.

"But, my friend," I said, "surely you are on a wild-goose chase! You might go all over the world for years without meeting him, especially as you say he was a captain."

"Yes, dat is drue," allowed the Frenchman; "but I tink he has been seen at Rouen or somewhere near again, and I shall not rest until I find him."

Dick Curtis, I knew, had been a bit of a scapegrace in his youthful days; but I did not think he was the sort of fellow to run off with a young French girl who was already engaged to another man. Still I was not going to run the risk of a vendetta at Caen, so I firmly told my supplicant that the ship's books were quite full, and that in no circumstances could I take him. He burst, French-like, into a torrent of tears and protestations; but I was inflexible, and he went away, looking the very picture of misery.

We got off by the evening tide, and were making good way, with the elements in our favor. I was on the bridge, alone with the pilot and the man at the wheel. Suddenly in the gloom I saw a figure spring up the bridge-ladder, and the Frenchman stood before me. I was very angry at first, and swore that he should be imprisoned at Caen as a stowaway—for I was really a little anxious for Dick Curtis, as I had reason to know what a revengeful Frenchman meant; but the man was so profusely apologetic, and so earnest in his promises to do anything required of him in order to work his passage, that I relented and told him he might stay on board.

From that moment Alexis—that was his name—became a most devoted and faithful servitor, and, as will be seen, I never had reason to regret having taken him on. He acted fully up to his promises. My carpenter, a Portuguese, was the merest apprentice by the side of Alexis, who was not only thoroughly conversant with the duties of his calling, but was an excellent sailor, willing, daring, and industrious, and a good fellow to boot. If I heard sounds of merriment proceeding from the regions of the fo'c'sle, I knew that Alexis was the cause of them. He could sing endless songs, he could play the fiddle, he could dance, he could tell the most amusing of stories in his quaint broken English, and in the most trying circumstances was ever ready with jest and gibe. Of course no one but myself knew his secret, and I must say that it made me very uneasy—for, if Master Dick was not the hero of the escapade, it was one of the most extraordinary coincidences that ever came before my notice.

However, I pondered the situation thoroughly and made my plans. My life as a sailor had been singularly devoid of romance; but, sailor-like, my pet study was romance; so that it was with mingled feelings of dread and pleasurable excitement that I looked forward to our arrival at Caen.

We arrived early on a Sunday morning, and, in spite of all the precautions I had taken, Alexis, in the bustle and confusion attendant upon making fast and warping alongside the quay, managed to get ashore before any one else. I set about it in making my way to the offices of Curtis & Co. Dick was there, developed into a portly family man since we had last met, and was delighted to see me; and, as may be imagined, in a very few moments we were talking of old times and exchanging experiences as only old chums can after a long separation.

"You'll come and dine with me, old fellow," he said. "As it's Sunday, I don't suppose you'll begin to discharge. I've a nice little place just out of the town, near the race-course; and I'll introduce you to the missus and the youngsters."

"What married?" I cried. "I should have thought you were the last man in the world to go in for that sort of thing, for I remember you were always so full of the rights of free unhampered man."

"Yes—married," he replied—"and to a Frenchwoman too; think of that!"

A pallor came over my face I could feel, I knew that what Alexis said was true, and that my old friend was the unsuspecting object of his vengeance. Dick saw the change.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "You don't think any the worse of me for having married a Frenchwoman, do you? At any rate, you won't when you see her and judge for yourself, and when I tell you that she's the dearest little body in the world—far better than I deserved."

"No," I replied seriously, "I don't think any the worse of you for marrying a Frenchwoman. I'm not such a narrow-minded idiot as that—for a good wife is a good wife, be she a Zulu, or a Frenchwoman, or anything you like; but——"

"But what?" said Dick impatiently.

So I told him the story of Alexis, and it was his turn to grow pale.

"However," I said in conclusion, "you leave it to me; it has caused me a lot of anxiety, and I have hit on a plan. But look here; I wouldn't show myself much in the streets to-day if I were you, for that fellow left the ship before I did, and is prowling about now with a knife as long as your forearm, and, if he caught sight of you, why"—and I finished the sentence with a significant whistle.

"Anyhow," Dick said, "you'll be up by six o'clock?"

"Yes" I replied; "and don't you be about when I arrive."

So we parted.

I went back to the ship. To my surprise, Alexis was on deck, waiting for me.

"Well," I said gaily, "have you found your friend?"

"No sar," he replied; "I have look very carefully at all ze ships in port, but I not can see him. But I vil have a look ashore dis evening ven ze people come from church."

"And you mean to kill him if you do see him?" I said.

"*Mon Dieu*, Monsieur le Captaine, but vat else can I do? He have insult me and my brozer and ze lieutenant and ze ole family! What else can I do?" he answered.

"Well, carpenter," I said, "I'm going to dine and sleep ashore to-night, and I want a hand to carry my portmanteau."

"I will do it, sar, I vill do it, if you vish me to carry it to ze end of ze vorld," he offered.

"Very well then; I shall be ready in half an hour."

At the expiration of that time I was on my way to Dick Curtis's house, Alexis following me with the portmanteau on his shoulder. We arrived at the house—a typical French country seat, standing within its own garmens, which betrayed their English ownership by their unusual trimness and neatness.

"Wait outside," I said to Alexis, and entered.

Mrs. Curtis—a pleasant-looking little woman, coquettishly, yet modestly dressed, a strange contrast to her ragamuffin of a brother outside—met me.

"I must introduce myself," I said, "as a very old friend of your husband's, and he has asked me to dine and to sleep the night here."

Madame, in excellent English, assured me that she was charmed to see me, and led the way into a pretty little boudoir overlooking the race-course.

"You may think it strange," I remarked, "that I have come here so much in advance of your dinner-hour; but I have something very important to tell you."

I said this seriously so that the little woman was alarmed.

"You speak so gravely," she returned, "that I fear something has happened; surely my poor Dick——"

"He is all right, I assure you," I interposed; "but he may not be all right unless we are careful."

"Explain yourself, monsieur, I pray," said Mrs. Curtis, with the tears standing in her blank eyes—mild reflections of the fiery orbs of Alexis.

"Simply, madame," I answered, "your brother Alexis is here, and he is searching for your husband."

"Alexis!" repeated Mrs. Curtis, in a horrified voice. "Oh, he will murder us all—I know he will, for he has such a fearful temper!"

"No, madame, he won't," I said, "if you do as I tell you. You have children; bring them down-stairs, and meanwhile I will call in your brother. If his heart is not softened at the sight of your happiness and of your children, then he is not the man I take him for; for, although he vows revenge against your husband, he loves you dearly, and has often talked to me about you."

I rose, went to the door, and beckoned to Alexis.

"Alexis," I said; "there is a lady here who wishes to see you."

"A lady to see me, sar?" exclaimed Alexis. "*Mon Dieu*, I cannot show myself to a lady in dis close"—pointing ruefully to his stained and patched suit of blue jean.

"Surely you're not afraid of your sister?" I whispered.

At these words the poor fellow gasped, his eyes started from their sockets, the portmanteau fell from his grasp.

"My sister!" he repeated. "Our Jacqueline?"

"Yes," I answered. "Now just listen to me. I have found out that your sister married an old friend of mine; she is perfectly happy, and is the mother of two children. If I let you go in and see her, will you promise that——"

But, before I could complete my sentence, at a single bound Alexis had sprung into the house. I followed and found him with his sister, both of them alternately laughing and sobbing, trying to speak, kissing and embracing and holding each other out at arm's length—so fat, behaving as foreigners generally do in such circumstances.

"And you are happy?" said Alexis, when the first enthusiastic burst of greeting had subsided.

"Perfectly," replied his sister; "and my husband is the best man in the world; and see, Alexis—our children!"—pointing to the two chubby little fellows in sailor costume who stood somewhat timidly aside with their fingers in their mouths, doubtless revolving in their minds what possible connection there could be between their fashionably-dressed mother and the uncouth-looking stranger.

Alexis kissed the boys—much against their will evidently—and then, with a melodramatic gesture, started aside.

"But ze fader," he said; "ve have sworn to kill him, me and my brozer, if ve do meet him. I cannot break my oat; but I cannot kill him;" and, again kissing his sister passionately, he left the room.

Alexis has never left me from that day to this; and never during the whole course of our acquaintance has there been the smallest shade of a difference between us. From time to time I have offered him promotion; but he has always remained, and swears that he will remain until he hears of his brother, MY SHIP CARPENTER.

A TIGER'S PICTURE.

A TIGER has lately been photographed in India in the very act of killing a buffalo. The negative unfortunately proved to be somewhat defective, but it is said to be at any rate good enough to give an authentic picture from the life of the most terrible of carnivorous beasts at the precise moment when it had stunned its huge prey.

The buffalo, though fatally struck, had not even time to fall before the "sun picture" of its dying moments was fixed upon the faithful plate, and so there it stands with its knees just giving way under it, and its great head drooping in death. A quarter of a second later and it was lying on the ground lifeless; but on the photographer's glass it remains for ever in the actual attitude of dying, and at the instant when it is drawing its last breath.

Swifter even than death itself, the sensitive plate has seized the reflection of the collapsing buffalo before it had time to die; and though decease was, humanly speaking, instantaneous, the one beat of the heart that intervened between the awful blow of the tiger's paw and its victim's positive surrender of existence sufficed for the photographer to catch and fix with unerring fidelity the attitudes of the slayer and the slain.

The photographer, it appears, had heard that a party of natives were going about the neighborhood with a full-grown tiger, which they held by ropes, and were making an exhibition of the animal's killing powers. Being anxious to settle the much-disputed point of the manner in which the brute despatches its victims, he made a bargain with the owners of the tiger, and picketed a full-grown buffalo out in a field to be practiced upon.

The victim was led out as far to the west of a tree stump as the cord would let it, while the artist took up his position some seven yards to the north. The tiger was then brought up to the west side of the field, and when opposite the buffalo was turned with its head towards it.

The buffalo, on seeing it, made no attempt whatever to retire out of such dangerous company, but simply stood and looked at the tiger, "apparently fascinated by it."

At that time there were three ropes attached to the collar round the tiger's neck, with a man holding on to each, but when they came to within fifty yards of the buffalo, one of the ropes was slipped, and a few paces further on, when the tiger had fixed its eyes upon its prey, the two others were let go, and the tiger was perfectly free.

It was a splendid specimen, seven years of age, and in grand condition. The animal came on, not crouching as it would have done if stalking a victim from cover, but walking erect and very slowly. The buffalo, helpless with terror, watched it, and, though the interval was gradually but surely diminishing between it and death, gave no sign of either flight or resistance.

At last the tiger was within springing distance, and there it stood still, facing its victim. But only for one instant, for the next moment it crouched itself like a cat on the buffalo, and with such prodigious force that the blow of its right paw dislocated the animal's neck.

At this moment, this indefinable point of time, the photographer touched the trigger of his spring shutter, and in the fraction of a second the picture was on the plate. Yet none too soon. For before the hand could go up to slip in another slide the buffalo's knees failed it, and it had fallen. The tragedy was complete.

Apart from the merely interesting aspect of a hazardous experiment, such a thrilling spectacle, the photograph thus obtained is of considerable importance as assisting to settle the much-contested question of the tiger's method of slaughter.

Pictures from the imagination almost invariably represent the brute leaping through the air on to the back of its victim, and with the claws of all four feet fast in its body. Even when the illustrations are supposed to represent the attack of a tiger upon an elephant, the assailant is, as a rule, on Behemoth's back or head.

Yet, as a fact, the tiger never, if it can help it, takes its hind feet off the ground, and, as seen in the photograph we are referring to, the animal stands up and pulls down its prey with its fore arms.

Frauds and Imitations.

Let it be clearly understood, that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who try it simply throw away their money money, as they will in the end discover. Send for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

Our Young Folks.

THE MAIDS AND THE MAGPIE.

BY FRANCES HAY.

Peter [illegible] maids and a magpie
[illegible]
[illegible] flowers,
[illegible]

"I've three little maidens to care for,
Each one from dangers to save
With dogs and runaways [illegible]
What a good thing I am brave!"

Soon they were laden with flowers—
[illegible]
[illegible]

Then they turned homeward together,
Magpie still hopping [illegible]
[illegible] village,
Came to the rectory door.

There stood a quiet gray pussy—
Magpie flew off in a fright.
So, after all his vain boasting,
Proved himself coward, not knight!

THE CREAKING DOOR.

BY E. P. SPENCER.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

HE was very polite to Donna Leonora—they all were. Once he helped her before either his wife or the princess, and, though she was very humble about it, yet the princess would not touch anything till she had been helped. Sunflower only thought what a beautifully unselfish wife she would be. But whenever he said anything to the princess, the princess looked sideways at Donna Leonora, who never said a word. In fact, it would have been hardly possible to have imagined beforehand that a woman who never opened her lips, and who looked the very picture of humility, should have the power to make four people—all her betters—so shy of her, and of one another.

The grand banquet went off most splendidly somehow they were all a little dull, but pronounced not exactly great. It was pretended to be very amusing. Next day there was a Lawsong party. The young people were to row, and the queen offered Donna Leonora a seat in her carriage. Neither of them enjoyed it much, but Sunflower was delighted to get his princess to himself; and she was quite a different creature then—full of spirits, a beautiful rider, laughing and talking as merrily as if she had not been a princess at all.

But the moment they got back to the castle, even before she had taken off her habit, she was as silent and proper as ever again; and when Donna Leonora gave the least little chuckle of a cough in the world, she rose from her seat, where she had been tickling the dog's ears with her riding-whip, and said it was time to go and dress.

How it all happened nobody could tell, but before the strangers had been at the castle a week, everybody was set against everybody else. It began with the dog—old Otho, the grand old hound who used to lie in front of the fire. The princess did not exactly say she was afraid of him, but one day he snapped at Donna Leonora, and it ended in his being tied up, which spoilt his temper. Then the prince began to feel uncomfortable with his father and mother, because every day or two Donna Leonora talking to the lady herself in a very low voice, as if she [illegible] and looked as [illegible] at them, and they looked very awkward. But when he brought his mother alone and asked her whether anything was the matter, she only said "Nothing," and began to cry. Then the princess began to behave differently to him, and it was a long time before he could get at her to ask her if he had offended her in any way.

At last, however, one evening as they were sitting in the garden together, he flung himself on the grass at her feet, and, looking up to her, asked her if there was anything he could do to please her, or if there was anything she would wish altered, for he had not a desire in the world save to gratify her.

The princess gave a deep sigh, and then replied: "No one could have been happier in this castle, prince, than myself, till I learnt that the path by which I came hither was stained with the blood of an innocent man, and that you still retain the guilty one at your person."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Sunflower, in astonishment.

"I have the strongest reasons—that is to say, my dear friend, Donna Leonora, has," said the princess, "for believing that a groom of yours, named Pastern, has been murdered by a lad in your stables named Peter Parkins."

Sunflower was horror-stricken. But the princess, who seemed to have the whole case at her fingers' ends, told him exactly how it was, that the two men had disappeared the same night, that Pastern had never been seen again that Peter had not expressed the least surprise when he heard of it and that he absolutely refused to tell any one where he had been that night, and that he would not say that he knew nothing of what had become of Pastern.

"Peter Parkins!" exclaimed Sunflower. "The man who has twice saved my life. The most faithful servant I have. Pardon me, my princess, but without stronger proof than this, I cannot, and will not believe any harm of him—I would sooner believe it of myself. I'll see him this very night." And up he sprang, and called a page who was in attendance at the other end of the garden, and who, of course, had not heard (they never do) a single word of what passed.

"Let them know in the stable that I wish to see Peter Parkins, directly," said he.

"He's in prison, please your royal highness, by his majesty's orders," said the page.

"In prison!" exclaimed Sunflower, angrily, "and by my father's orders. I'll see about that."

"Don't be hasty, dear Sunflower," said the princess. "The king did not do it, you may be sure, without excellent advice."

Sunflower walked up and down the path, angrily.

"I think I shall go indoors," said the princess; and Sunflower conducted her to the palace.

"You don't love me!" said she, looking more beautiful than ever as she stood at the garden gate.

"I love you better than my life," said he.

"Then do leave this tiresome business alone, just for to-night, and come and sing with me."

"I will come and sing with you in half-an-hour," said Sunflower, kissing her hand; "but I can't let the man who has done so much for me suffer all this till I see him righted."

The princess drew up her head, and walked into the house.

It was a very horrid prison, indeed, twenty feet underground; very cold, and damp, and musty, and the air so thick that even the lantern which Sunflower carried with him only lit up the space for about a couple of feet all round it.

Sunflower went down by himself, very much against the gaoler's will, who, however, dared not refuse anything to the king's son.

He found poor Peter sitting on a stone, with his hands and feet in chains, looking very pale, and dejected, but he smiled sorrowfully when he saw who it was.

"Well, Peter, what is all this? What have they been doing to you, and what is it all about?" said he, putting the lantern down on the floor, and leaning against the wall opposite Peter. Peter told him as well as he could of what he was accused.

"And did you do it?" said Sunflower.

"Certainly not, your royal highness."

"Perhaps so, and, after all,"

"I don't know, I assure," said Peter.

"Did you see him at all that night?"

"Yes, I did," said Peter, "but I am not at liberty to say anything, except that I am entirely innocent in the matter. Your royal highness will not believe me, of course."

"Of course, but I shall," said Sunflower. "I'll have you brought out of this dead-alive place to-morrow, and not at liberty, come what may."

"I entreat your royal highness will do nothing of the kind; it may break off your marriage."

"No, but it won't; and if it does it can't be helped. Good-night, Peter. Before twenty-four hours, remember, you are a free man."

And the prince, leaving the dungeon, went up straight to his father, and told him that he was convinced of Peter's innocence, and that if anything were done to him, he intended when he came to the throne to have every person disgraced who took any part in the matter.

After a great deal of talking, the king was half persuaded, but he said they must wait now till to-morrow morning before anything could be settled.

But the first thing in the morning, Sunflower was told that the princess wished to speak with him; she had been crying very much, and still looked very sad.

"Prince," she said, "I have been thinking over our conversation last night, and I believe it would be better for us to part, as I am convinced by your conduct, that I have no longer any place in your affections, and that you care more for a murderer than you do for your betrothed bride."

"How can you say so, my princess," said Sunflower, ready to burst into tears himself; "only stay with us, only be my wife, and my whole life shall be a proof to you of the contrary."

"Prove it now, by giving up this culprit to justice," said she.

"Ask anything but that, my princess," said he, throwing himself at her feet. She thrust him angrily away.

"You must choose between him and me!" she exclaimed, and Donna Leonora's voice seemed to echo the words.

"Oh, why should you say so?" said Sunflower.

At this moment the beat of the drums were heard. The guard was taking Peter through the court-yard.

"Choose!" again exclaimed the princess.

"I must choose what is right before everything," said he rushing towards the window, and calling Peter by his name.

At this moment there was a great clap of thunder, and Peter stood before them, no longer in chains, but a young prince as much beautiful as Sunflower himself.

"You have conquered, my prince," said he, embracing Sunflower. "Our enemy is gone, never to return." For on the chair where she had been sitting, were Donna Leonora's empty black gown and wimple; she was gone, no one knew whither.

"And now I am myself again!" exclaimed the beautiful princess, as the tears streamed down her cheeks. "I am out of her power at last; I have ceased to be her tool. I am mistress now of my own thoughts and words, and I may ask your forgiveness." She put out her hand to Sunflower, who covered it with kisses.

At the same moment Peter produced a beautiful ring from his pocket, and placed it on his forefinger. Instantly the Princess Morelia appeared, no longer ugly and dwarfish, but as lovely as the other whom she embraced as a sister.

"See what you have done for us all," said she to Sunflower. "If you had once given way to the temptation, we should all have remained spell-bound; now we are delivered from the charm which held us. Be happy with your princess, and we shall rejoice in your happiness."

Peter fell at her feet, and implored her to accept of his love; and it was difficult to say which was happiest, Prince Sunflower and his bride, or Princess Morelia and her bridegroom. For Peter was really a king's son, who had been enchanted by the King of the Black Water, and he and Princess Morelia returned to his father's kingdom, and were happy ever afterwards. But Pastern is still an otter, grubbing and splashing about in the dark pools of the cavern.

[THE END.]

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BY E. M. W.

BOTH my little nieces had been unwell. They were not very ill, but they were shut up in one room for a time, and they found it rather difficult to amuse themselves all day long, without having their lessons to do or their brothers to play with. I told them a tale every afternoon, when the light was getting dim, and the fire was poked into a bright blaze; but I came to the end of my store at last.

"Oh, auntie! what shall we do now if you can't tell us any more stories?" said Maggie. "We read such a lot that we really don't want to be read to."

"Let us have a nice talk," I said.

"But what shall we talk about?" asked Edith, looking into the fire as if she could read some thing there. "Oh, I know, auntie tell us what it was like when you were a little girl. Tell us all about your pet toys."

"Auntie has told us that so often," said Maggie.

"Let us talk of something very old, and yet quite new to both of you," I said. "Now, what do you think the children played with hundreds and hundreds of years ago?"

"Didn't they have dolls?" questioned Maggie.

"Yes, they had dolls, but they were not like yours. They were small, and their arms and legs were fastened on with bits of wire."

"What were they made of?" asked Edith.

"They were generally made of clay or terra-cotta, but sometimes of wood or wax. The hair was often ornamented with rows of beads, and sometimes the dolls were painted all over with very bright colors, to please the little ones to whom they were given. They used to make little toy animals, too, and in Greece they had them small dancing figures which we call marionets."

"Have they found anything besides dolls, auntie?"

"Yes, there are some little toys at the museum which were found in Greece and Turkey. One of them is a woman kneading bread, another is a black boy sitting on a pony, with a basket of fruit in front of him. If ever you see them, you will think you are very fortunate children to have such beautiful toys."

"But I don't care about dolls," said Edith, blushing a little, for she had been grumbling because her mother would not buy her a new one. "I should rather have a big ball. Did those old children play ball, auntie?"

"Oh, yes! The very oldest we know of—the Egyptian children, had balls of leather and some of painted china."

"I shouldn't like that very much," remarked Edith. "Fancy Charlie with an earthenware ball! He'd break every window in the house."

"I don't suppose they let the children throw the hard ball about much. The Greeks in later times loved ball as much as you do, but they played it in a different way. They used to sing and dance at the same time. Can you think of any word we have which means dancing, and yet sounds like a game?"

"Like a game of ball, auntie?" said Maggie.

"I know!" cried Edith, clapping her hands; "you've said it, Maggie—a ball. Don't you know people always dance at a ball?"

The children were very much pleased to find out that the grown-up people's amusement took its name from one of their toys, and that the short songs, or *ballads*, which we sing came from the songs which the Greeks sang whilst they played ball.

"Did they play ball in any other way?" asked Maggie.

"Sometimes it was put on the middle line, between the two parties playing, and each party tried to seize it, and throw it over the adversary's goal-line."

"Why, that's like our own football, isn't it, auntie?"

"Yes; the Epikouros, or common game of ball played by the Greek children, is really the great-great-great-grandfather of our football."

"Had those children any hoops?" asked Edith.

"The Romans had hoops, and even the same kind of hooked stick, but they played very differently from what we do. They tried to snatch the hoop from each other with the hook."

"I'm glad I am not a Roman, then," said Edith, "for I do love a good straight run with my hoop; and that must have been more like fighting than playing. But do tell us some more about those children's games. It seems so strange to think they had balls and hoops like us."

"They had whip-tops, too," I said. "And some people say that the great Emperor Augustus used to play at marbles when he was a boy. You have seen Charlie and Tom play with knuckle-bones; the Greek children had them too, and sometimes there were numbers on them, and each bone had a different name. Backgammon and draughts were played by the Greeks, and we see by some of the pictures on the tombs in Egypt that the game of draughts was very popular there."

"But hadn't they any nice romping games?" asked Maggie.

"Yes. Blind man's buff was a great favorite with the Greeks and Romans. And they were very fond of playing a game which was known as oyster-shell."

"Do you mean making grottoes? I don't call that romping."

"The children were divided into equal numbers on each side of a line drawn on the ground; one party would be called white, the other black. They then tossed an oyster-shell up in the air, and which-ever side came upwards, one of that party ran off. If it was the dark, one of the blacks ran away, and one of the whites dashed after him. As soon as Mr. Black was caught he had to take Mr. White on his shoulders and carry him to the camp, where he remained till all the others were caught. This is the origin of our prisoner's base."

"But that is a boy's game," said Maggie; "I want to know about the girls."

"They played blind man's buff, as I told you just now; then there was 'runaway,' or 'touch,' which was like our game. One girl would shut her eyes whilst the others hid. A place of refuge, or, as we call it, 'home,' was fixed upon, and she had to try to touch some of the others before they could get safe there. Kiss-in-the-ring was very popular, too, but the girl used to hold the boy by the ears as she kissed him, and this was called pitcher-fashion."

"Our pitchers have not two handles," remarked Edith.

"No, but they had a handle on each side in those days. Then the Greeks used to play a game like our follow-my-leader, called 'Commands,' and all sorts of funny things were ordered to be done by those who took part in it."

Just then the bell rang for me to go down to dinner.

"Oh, auntie, don't go yet!" cried both children in a chorus; "we haven't heard half enough."

"I will just tell you one thing more, and then I must go," I said. "There was a very favorite game played hundreds of years ago in Asia, called 'Kings and Subjects.' One day a little boy named Cyrus was playing at it with the children of the village in which he lived. This little boy was about ten years old, and had been adopted by a shepherd. He was chosen king by the boys, and having appointed his ministers, he set each of his companions to do certain work. One boy refused, and Cyrus ordered him to be flogged. The boy was angry, and ran off to tell his father, who was one of the chief men in the place. This man was very indignant that his boy should be beaten by a common shepherd's son, and went to king Astyages to complain. The king sent for Cyrus, and asked him how he dared to treat the son of a great man in that way.

"Cyrus answered bravely that he had only done what was just; he had been chosen king, and he ought to have been obeyed. Astyages was very surprised by this answer, and began to look more closely at the fearless boy; then he saw that he was very like himself. He sent for the shepherd, and after many questions, he found that this little Cyrus was his own grandson who was supposed to be dead. So the sham king really became the heir to the throne, and in time was a real king."

"Why, auntie, that's as good as a fairy tale!" said Edith.

"Better," I replied; "for it is true, and it teaches us that we ought always to try to do right, even in our games, and then we shall never be ashamed."

THE following story is told of Longfellow: Hearing a domestic talking at the front door with a person who seemed very much in earnest, he went into the hall and found an Englishman and his wife. "She," said the poet, "was a thorough specimen of an English matron—stout, solid and substantial. He was—well, one of the real tartar sort he looks—and carried a silk umbrella, neatly covered, evidently intent on 'doing' this country in the shortest possible space of time. On seeing me he said (and the way in which the poet repeated what followed was inimitable): 'Aw! Mr. Longfellow, aw! I—we—supposed you had no ruins, in this country, and, aw! we thought we would, aw I—like to see, aw! you?'"

PONDS AND WELLS.—There are frequent cases where ponds, cellars, etc. may be drained by means of wells. Such a case was lately reported where a pond of two acres in area was perfectly drained by boring a well from its bottom to the depth of fifty feet, where a subterranean channel was struck. For cellar drainage, where there is a substratum of sand or gravel, we know of no method of drainage so satisfactory as this.

TIME is too valuable to be wasted in credulously experimenting with various remedies when a 25-cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will at once cure your cold.

TO MY QUEEN.

BY F. W. GREY.

Soft, as the light of southern moon
  Shining on rippling summer seas,
Or music of the whispering breeze
Which stirs the sleeping woods at noon;
Sweet, as some old familiar strain
  Which fills the trav'ler's eyes with tears,
  After a weary lapse of years
Of wandering on the billowy main;
Shine so thine eyes for me, my Queen,
  Sounds so the music of thy voice,
  Which bid my longing heart rejoice
Far more than all things heard or seen.

Dearer than all the world hath best,
  More dear than any words can say;
  I think of thee when far away,
And hush each anxious thought to rest.
Could I but tell thee all, and see
  An answering message in thine eyes,
  So I might only win the prize
More dear than all beside to me
If but thy voice, so soft and low,
  Whispered love's accents in mine ear,
  If but thine eyes, so bright and clear,
Looked pityingly on all my woe.

Then, brighter than the southern moon
  Shining on rippling summer seas,
  And softer than the whispering breeze
That stirs the sleeping woods at noon;
Sweeter than vesper-hymns, that rise
  From convent walls, to highest heaven,
  Or distant chiming bells at even
That tell of peace which never dies;
My Queen, thine eyes would shine on me,
  Thy voice would cause my heart to beat,
  And I would cast me at thy feet,
And give myself, my all, to thee.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

"IF people only knew beforehand," once observed a profound philosopher, "the ridicule they bring upon themselves by the unreflecting use of their tongue and pen, how many absurdities would have remained unspoken and unwritten!"

There is no denying the truth of this remark; but it is far from holding good in every case. Certain of our fellow-creatures, either from habit, or from a natural deficiency as regards intelligence, seem to be incapable of reflection, and to say or write invariably whatever comes uppermost in their minds, without the remotest idea of its being amenable to criticism.

One of our literary celebrities happening, not long ago, to visit a lady of his acquaintance, found her engaged in watching with great interest the freaks of a tame raven hopping about the room.

"Come and see my purchase," she said; "I bought him yesterday."

"In memory of Edgar Allen Poe?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "you'll never guess why."

"I'll give it up."

"Well, then, I was told that ravens live three hundred years, so I thought I would buy one, just to satisfy myself whether they did or not."

The husband of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin was fond of reading, and often had recourse to an obliging friend, possessor of a well-stocked library. Wishing to peruse a certain book of travels, he borrowed the first volume, and, having finished it, took it back to the owner, and asked for the second, which, in a fit of abstraction, he left on the table, carrying away the one he had just returned, and reading it over again without perceiving his error. His wife, seeing him deeply absorbed in the contents, inquired how he liked the work.

"It is extremely interesting," he replied; "but it strikes me that the author is rather too apt to repeat himself."

After the battle of Austerlitz, a gravedigger, engaged in burying the dead, was suddenly interrupted in his work by an exclamation of horror from the officer whose duty it was to superintend the operation, and who indignantly affirmed that one of the bodies just consigned to the earth still breathed.

"That shows how little you are in the habit of this sort of thing," coolly retorted the grave-digger; "if you were to pay attention to all they say, there wouldn't be a single dead man among them!"

A peasant, whose father was taken suddenly ill, started off to the minister's house late at night, and remained at the door nearly three hours, knocking now and then so gently that nobody heard him. At length the reverend gentleman came down and inquired:

"What are you here for—and why did you not knock louder?"

"My father was dying when I left him," was the reply, "but I did not like to disturb you."

"Then he must be dead by this time," observed the divine, "and it is too late for me to be of any use."

"Oh, no, sir, not at all," eagerly answered his visitor; "my neighbor, Pierrot, promised me faithfully that he would keep him alive until you came."

During a recent discussion on the subject of vaccination, when its supporters and opponents had fairly exhausted their arguments, one of the company, who had not hitherto spoken, volunteered his opinion that far from being a benefit to the human race, the precaution was both dangerous and unnecessary.

"I will give you a proof," he said. "The son of a friend of mine, as healthy a little fellow as you would wish to see, was vaccinated, by the advice of an idiotic medical man who attended the family, and what was the consequences? He died two days after the operation had been performed!"

Here the speaker paused for a moment, evidently gratified by the impression he had made on his hearers.

"Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "the poor boy, who was as active as a squirrel, was in the act of climbing a tree, when, a branch giving way, he lost his hold, and was killed by the fall. Don't talk to me of vaccination after that."

A museum having been opened to the public in a Western town, the door keeper was particularly enjoined to let no one pass without first taking charge of his stick or umbrella. In the course of time in sauntered an individual, his hands carelessly stuck in his pockets.

"Sticks and umbrellas to be left here," vociferated Cerberus, suspiciously eyeing the newcomer, and effectually barring his progress.

"Can't you see I have no cane?" impatiently exclaimed the latter.

"That's so. Well then, you'll have to go back and get one," retorted the door-tender. "My orders are positive, and I can't let you in without."

Grains of Gold.

Frugality is an estate alone.

Tears are no proofs of cowardice.

Every may-be hath a may-be-not.

Quarrel not on politics or religion.

It is a joy to be alone with nature.

The Scriptures are God's messages.

Think much, speak little, write less.

Step after step the ladder is ascended.

Spend and be free, but make no waste.

Frightening a bird is not the way to catch it.

Get a name for rising early, and you may lie all day.

Flattery is like friendship in show, but not in fruit.

Generally we love ourselves more than we hate others.

Love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life which come to every one, for hours of delight.

There is nothing in the world so easy as giving an opinion; consequently, in general, there are few things so utterly valueless.

It is a wise man who knows where to be firm and where to be yielding, and the latter knowledge is by no means the least important.

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes both surely pass current in the merchandise of heaven.

Make up your mind to work early and late, if necessary, that you may thoroughly master the details of the business upon which you propose to enter.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respects people ought to pay you, and what people think of you.

Truth is our element of life, yet if a man fastens his attention on a single aspect of truth, and applies himself to that alone for a long time, the truth becomes distorted and not itself.

Thoroughness of culture does not demand that any one subject shall be exhausted, but rather that foundation principles be so firmly laid that they form a firm and easy support for whatever may follow.

Those who are neither blinded by the mists of passion nor constrained by the close-woven net of prepossession, see more clearly, as well as more deeply, than those who are given over to their own fantasies.

Work of hands or head is not an end in itself, but a means to the development, progress and happiness of man. So far as it fulfils that it is successful, so far as it sacrifices that it is a bubble which bursts and is seen no more.

Very much of the distress and poverty that appeals for aid, is caused by various kinds of injustice. Whoever truly desires to lessen it, cannot act more efficiently than in throwing his whole energies into the work of securing to every one his own just rights.

Femininities.

Easy to keep—The castle that was never besieged.

John Ruskin is inveighing against the sewing-machine.

Every one can keep house better than her mother till she trieth.

A blush often announces the departure as well as the arrival of shame.

When a woman has lost one battle, she rarely wins another against the same foe.

Some cynic says women remain old maids "for the greatest good of the greatest number."

It is no longer customary to place the mystic letters, R. S. V. P., (answer, if you please) on invitation cards. Well-bred persons need no such hint.

A Corean woman has no name. She is always somebody's daughter, sister, wife or mother. Their individual existence is not recognized, even by name.

A man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys.

The playing of two tunes on the guitar by the bride was the pay which an Oglethorpe county, Ga., justice of the peace received, recently, for marrying a couple.

A schoolmistress in Barry county, Mich., was dismissed because she declined to eat fat pork, the people believing that she was attempting to put on "too much style."

At a wedding in Portsmouth, recently, says a Concord paper, the contracting parties were seventy-one and fifty-four years of age. The bride wore a bright red silk.

The forged deed of five hundred acres of land was the present which an East Saginaw, Mich., man made to his intended bride a few days before marriage, and transferred to her credit.

A Georgia negro, named Gabe Walker, tired of sowing his bachelor "wild oats," married recently at the age of 95. Gabe's father was cut off in the prime of life (110) by being run over by a wagon.

The marriage relation forbids all conduct in married persons of which the tendency would be to diminish their affection for those to whom they are united in marriage, or of which the tendency would be to give pain to the other party.

Through several mistakes in serving papers, notices, etc., it is now found, after legal proceedings, covering the greater part of a year, and costing $3,000, that an Oswego man has been granted a divorce from another man's wife.

The Boston girl is generally thought to wear specks, a thin nose, green-persimmon aspect, and polysyllables. In reality the Boston girl is a good deal of a "romper"—full of life, full of fun, not easily offended, and perfectly able to take care of herself.

A young lady living in Beartown, this State, who has been regarded as a mute, and whose father died a few years ago, without ever having heard her voice, has been speaking fluently and freely since her mother's death, which occurred recently.

While friends were "setting up" with the supposed corpse of a colored woman at Lynchburg, Va., the other night, she suddenly began to move, and, to their extreme consternation, sat bold upright. At last reports she was still alive and recovering strength.

There are but three statues raised to women in this country, and it is a little remarkable that all have been raised within the past year. One is to Harriet Martineau, another to Margaret Haughery, a successful New Orleans baker, and the third to Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, a Kentucky teacher.

The London shop girls suffered in such an undue proportion to their number during a recent smallpox epidemic, that there is great indignation about it, and a corresponding sympathy for the girls. Many better class women propose to boycott shops where girls are not provided with seats.

Here is a marriage notice from a Quebec newspaper, which is a curiosity in its way: "D'Entremont—D'Entremont. At St. Peter's Church, West Pubnico, December 24, by the Rev. Wm. McLeod, Denis D'Entremont, the eleventh child of Dominique D'Entremont, to Sarah J. D'Entremont, also the eleventh child of Francois D'Entremont.

In the old days says George Eliot, there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now; but yet men are led away from threatening destruction. A hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward: and the hand may be a little child's.

A Michigan man with some mean traits and a deaf daughter, has been brought to light. The daughter became deaf while she was learning to play the piano. After her affliction she continued to play. He had the mechanism of the instrument altered so that the keys would not strike the wires, and it is a singular fact that when she plays for company in her own parlor, no one receives more applause than she.

The District Attorney of Boston says that he encounters no such obstacles in the discharge of his duties as women. No criminal can be so undeserving of sympathy, so completely an outcast, that he hasn't a mother, wife or sister to plead for him. They are the most persistent lobbyists on earth, he declares; the most unreasonable, and yet the hardest to withstand. They meet arguments with tears, and denials with moans, and he thinks that, on the whole, justice is oftener defeated by them than all other causes.

The reason why education is usually so poor among women of fashion, is that it is not needed for the life which they elect to lead. With a good figure, good clothes, and a handsome equipage; with a little reading of the daily newspapers and of fashionable reviews; and, above all, with the happy tact which often enables women to make a large display of very small requirements, the woman of fashion may never feel the need of true education. We pity her none the less, since she will never know its peace and delight.

News Notes.

Boston has thirty seven millionaires.

Coal (hard) fetches $23 a ton at Helena, Montana.

Very small umbrellas are "going out of fashion."

Eggs are selling at 12 1-2 cents a dozen in Dublin, Ga.

Ice 15 inches thick is being gathered at Concord, N. H.

Nearly 800 murders are committed annually in the United States.

The Senate of Nebraska, numbering 38 members, employs 78 persons.

A Missouri farmer pays $1.20 taxes on his horses, and $12 on his dogs.

"Fresh American Oysters" is now a familiar sign in many places in London.

New York State has a Shetland pony 28 inches high, and weighing only 90 pounds.

At Athens, Ga., the colored people are reported to be enthusiastic Prohibitionists.

One verse in the Bible—Ezra, vii, 21—is said to contain all the letters in the alphabet except J.

A prisoner recently discharged from the Massachusetts State Prison, took away $1,329 in savings.

A single policeman in Jacksonville, Fla., is expected to efficiently guard 160 blocks of property.

War on roller skating rinks is being waged by clergymen in several of the towns of Northern Ohio.

The Dawson, Ga., skating rink has been presented to the Council of that city as a public nuisance.

The Japanese have a new dictionary of the Chinese language, comprising no less than forty volumes.

Out in Grass Valley, Cal., a physician has begun to "cut rates," and visits patients at half the old price.

In Morocco schools the Koran only is taught, and a pedagogue receives 15 cents a month for teaching it.

Vitriol instead of bay rum was accidentally used by a New York barber on the head of one of his customers.

Melbourne, Ark., with a population of 250, has four churches, any one of which will hold the entire population.

The bite of a large black spider, back of the ear, killed a Port Norris, N. J., infant, recently within a few days.

There are 16,000,000 school children in the United States, 10,000,000 of whom are enrolled in the public schools.

A pamphlet has been published in London, advocating the fining of people who have more than three children.

A Berlin doctor is reported to have been fined for not keeping himself posted on the modern methods of practice.

A Jersey City man has recovered a verdict of $8 against a Palace Car Company for the loss of an umbrella left in the car.

Cleveland, O., wants to be the site for the celebration in 1892 of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus.

Two California Chinamen are now in course of training, preparing for a fistic encounter. They are learning the ways of civilization.

A cremation society, embracing some fifty "leading physicians, business men, and society people of Buffalo," has been formed in that city.

"Single spring beds, 10 cents a night, with a cup of coffee and a roll in the morning," is the latest effort of a Bowery, New York, cheap lodging house.

A member from Richmond county, in the New York Legislature, returned all the free passes sent to him, and pays his fares to and from Albany.

An eccentric Englishman who landed in New York the other morning, took a steamer for Liverpool the same afternoon. He said he had seen enough.

New Orleans has a larger proportion of women to men than any other city in America. That proportion is—whites, five to four; and blacks, four to three.

A South Orange, N. J., woman, who picked one of her thumbs with a pin about two weeks ago, is now in a very critical condition from blood poisoning.

A negro woman in Elberton, Ga., has lost four children by accidental deaths—two were burned, one drowned, and the fourth killed by falling from a trees.

A Real Estate and Brokers' Board has been organized in Buffalo, N. Y., for the mutual protection of the members against unknown or delinquent tenants.

A bill introduced in the Michigan Legislature provides that the occupation and politics of each candidate shall appear on a voting paper giving the names of all candidates.

For seven years a New Hampshire mechanic made a circle of half a mile twice a day rather than pass a powder house. The other day he learned that it had been empty for eight years.

An ordinance was passed by the Pittsburg Police Committee, a short time ago, making the police force sanitary inspectors, and compelling them to sweep the street crossings on muddy days.

A pig, which petrified while it was alive, and is still living, is reported from Guthrieville, in Chester county, this State. Every part of its body is said to show a hardness as of stone upon being struck.

In Millions!

BY JAMES E. MEARES.

SOME twenty years ago, while living in Vermont, I started to make the journey from Burlington to Canaan, a town in the north-east corner of the State.

Although the trip was a business one, I determined to combine pleasure with it, and travel as slowly as I chose, fishing or hunting by the way. I should have to cross two chains of mountains, or rather two spurs of the same chain—the Green, and I knew that I should find trout in all the streams, and perhaps occasionally run across a deer.

Leaving the railroad, therefore, at St. Albans, I proceeded on foot from that point with rod and gun, fishing the brooks as I advanced, and occasionally spending an afternoon in hunting, until I had crossed the first range of mountains, the valleys of Lake Memphremagog, and had reached the little village of Morgan, which lies at the foot of the second range.

The distance between Morgan and Canaan was about twenty miles, and I intended to accomplish it in one day.

Nothing of importance occurred to me in the crossing the mountains, nor did I meet with a single person until I was far down the valley upon the other side. The climb had been a hard one, and the day was wearing towards dusk when I met a solitary traveler coming from the direction of Canaan.

"Hallo!" I called. "What's the distance to town?"

"Town!" he repeated, in astonishment, gazing at me as though I were a ghost; "what town?"

"Why, Canaan, of course," I replied. "Can I get through to-night?"

Again the man looked at me in a dazed kind of way, and then suddenly starting, replied—

"No, stranger, no! You can't get through to-night;" and before I could ask another question he had hurried by me, and was walking rapidly away up the road.

"He must be crazy," I thought, as I moved on. "Perhaps, however, he was right, and I cannot get through to-night; I must make haste:" and I pushed forward with renewed energy.

Just as the sun disappeared behind the mountains, which now lay to the westward, I reached a little hill which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and something less than three miles ahead, close to the shining Connecticut river, I saw, gleaming through the twilight, the white houses of Canaan.

"'Tis not so far as I thought," said I to myself, as my eye followed the winding road that lay before me; "but there are some woods that I must pass before dark, and I'll hurry on;" and with that I began the descent of the hill.

About half-way between my point of observation and the village lay a line of woods, apparently a kind of half swamp, through which I must pass; and I desired to reach the open country beyond before the night had fairly set in. To this end I walked rapidly along the road, which was already growing duskish.

I had almost reached the wood, when I heard the noise of an approaching wagon, and just at the very edge of the timber I met a man leading a horse, to which was hitched a light lumber wagon.

"Good evening, sir," I remarked, as he drew near."

He stared at me and made no reply.

"How far do you call it to Canaan?"

"Are you going through these woods to Canaan?"

"I am, sir. Is not this the nearest way?" I returned.

The man laughed a sort of desperate laugh.

"You'll never reach the town this way," he replied. "You'll never pass these woods alive!"

"Good heavens!" I cried, "what do you mean? Are there murderers here?"

"Millions of them! Millions!" he answered, with earnestness. "Listen!" he added, seizing my arm; "do you not hear them?"

The night, or evening, was still, and the chirp of the crickets and the far-off barking of the farm dogs sounded clear and distinct through the air; but I could hear nothing more frightful, and I said so.

"Don't you hear 'em? Don't you? Try again. They're singing while they wait for you," the man continued. "Listen!"

From the depths of the swamps a faint but growing sound now fell upon my ear. It was like the song of a million of bees, only the note was sharper and more shrill, and filled the air until it trembled with the quick vibrations. A sudden thought came to me.

"Mosquitoes!" I cried.

My informant grinned.

"I thought you'd hear 'em. Don't try to pass the woods to-night. Come back with me."

"What! do you think I am afraid of them?" I exclaimed, half angrily, turning away. "I shall be in Canaan in half an hour. Good-night," and without further delay, I broke from the grasp of my would-be friend and entered the dim shadows of the wood. But even as I disappeared from his view, I heard him after me, with grim humor—

"Good-night, an' if you will go, good-bye."

I hurried on. I had passed, perhaps, one-third of the distance when I became aware that a cloud of the troublesome insects was following me. I increased my speed; they flew the faster, and began to sting me.

I struck here and there, killing them upon my face and hands by dozens. Hundreds immediately took their place. The song which the countryman spoke of sounded clearer and clearer each moment in my ears, and the numbers of my assailants increased every instant. It was becoming, to say the least, unpleasant.

Turning aside for a moment, I cut a leafy branch, and with it thought to drive the insects from the air about my head. I might as well have tried to drive the air itself away. They settled upon me in swarms, each individual biting as though it was his first and last chance for a meal. I threw aside my branch and ran.

My pursuers only sang the louder, and darkened all before me. The sound of their humming drowned the noise of my own footsteps; they filled my eyes, my ears, my mouth, and my nostrils! I fought them to breathe, and my hands were covered with my own blood!

My retreat became a rout. I ran with all the speed of which I was capable. I felt myself growing weak, an indescribable horror took possession of me. I shrieked, beating the air with red and dripping hands; and my feet flew along the narrow road. Should I never reach the clearing?

The last five minutes of that fearful race I cannot remember. I never remembered them. All grew dark, and I lost myself, to regain self-possession only when I stumbled against the fence of one of the outlying houses in the town of Canaan.

Then partial consciousness returned, and blind, half dead, and moaning with agony, I staggered up the village street and dragged myself into the village inn.

A dozen men sat round the bar room, but as I entered every one sprang to his feet, and a single cry went up from them all—

"He's come through the mosquito swamp!"

It was three days before I could leave my bed, nearly a week before I could leave my room, and for fully two months I retained the scars of my terrible battle.

THE GIRLS.—The girl of 16 who will neither sew nor do housework has no business to be decked out in finery and rambling about in search of fun and frolic unless her parents are rich, and in that event she needs the watchful direction of a good mother none the less. There is no objection to fun, but it should be well-chosen and well-timed. No woman or girl who will not work has a right to share the wages of a poor man's toil. If she does work, if she makes the clothes she wears and assists in the household duties, the chances are she will have enough self-respect to behave when playtime comes, but if she should still be a little "wild" the honest toil she has done will confer upon her some degree of right to have her own way, ill judged though it may be. The wild girl usually aspires to prominence in some social circle or other, and her manners and conduct are in greater or less degree designed to attract the following of men. She should remember that followers are not always admirers, and that the most sincere admiration a man ever feels for a woman in a drawing-room is when he looks upon her and says in his own consciousness: "She is a perfect lady."

TRICKS OF A LOVER.—A young lady living in Dallas went back on the young man to whom she was engaged because he drank. A few days after she had told him she would never speak to him again a little negro boy brought a note from the wretched young man, whom we shall call George. The note read: "Faithless, yet still beloved, Fanny:— My sufferings are more than I can bear. I cannot live without your love. I have, therefore, just taken poison, the effects of which I am already beginning to feel. When you read these lines I will already have joined the great silent majority. I will be a corpse. See that I am decently buried, and shed a silent tear over my tomb in remembrance of the happy days gone by. Your dead George." When the young lady had finished reading the note, she asked the little negro who brought it what he was waiting for? "De gemman tole me ter wait for an answer."

THE EGGS OF THE TURTLE.—An oil used in some of the West Indian Islands in place of butter or salad-oil, and also, when stale, for burning in lamps, is expressed from the eggs of the turtle. The preparation of this "manteca," or turtle-oil employs several thousand people on the Orinoco and Amazon rivers, and no more depressing sight can be imagined for some than to witness a tribe of chuckling natives crushing in huge troughs eggs enough to supply millions with turtle, solely for the purpose of extracting a few pints of second-rate oil.

MEERSCHAUMS.—Coloring of meerschaums is a new German industry. The pipe or cigar holder is suspended in a tightly closed box, into which smoke is blown from damp, strong, black tobacco until the desired color is imparted to the smokers' articles.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 149 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the receipt free of charge.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

No doubt she flirted—all girls do;
But then, you know, she didn't mean it;
To me in all things she was true—
A blind man even could have seen it.

But thorns are found near every rose,
And after some few months we parted;
A teardrop glistened on her nose,
And I for days was broken-hearted.

A score of years have passed away
Since then; I lately heard about her.
Her hair had turned a trifle gray,
Her figure grown a great deal stouter.

And I since then have married twice,
My heart no longer reaches toward hers,
For she has been a widow thrice,
And lately's gone to keeping boarders.

—K. C. T.

Humorous.

Non-union men—Bachelors.

The letter of the law—A writ.

The rule of three—For the third person to leave.

The best railway for a bridal trip—The Union Pacific.

The best way to keep a woman's love—Never to return it.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Because she forms lasses into classes.

Why is an attorney like a minister? Because he studies the law and the profits.

Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man? He stops at the sound of woe.

A man of feeling—The doctor, because he invariably feels the pulse of his patients.

What is the most wonderful of acrobatic feats? For a man to revolve in his mind.

What is that which is owned by yourself, and yet is used by everybody? Your name.

A genius has invented steel knives which will cut cold iron. Now boarding-house beefsteak must yield.

"Phwhat wud I want wid a boicycle?" said an ancient Irishman to a boy who had been chaffing him. "Bedad, I'd jist as soon walk afoot as ride afoot!"

A small boy was playing truant the other day; when asked if he would not get a whipping when he reached home, he replied: "What is five minutes' licking to five hours of fun?"

When they take the next census in Arkansas, they will miss Peter Dayton. The old man found a package and threw it into the stove to see whether it was powder or sand. Well—it wasn't sand.

They had recently been and got married, and had just returned from their honeymoon. He: "I wonder why so many people stare at us, my dearr" She: "No doubt they are wondering what I could have seen in you?"

"Have you embraced all the opportunities here offered you for prosecuting your studies?" asked the doctor. And the sophomore blushed and said he believed he had embraced them all with the exception of the cook, and she was too big for him to reach around.

It is odd enough that a sheep when dead should turn into mutton, all but its head; for, while we ask for a leg or a shoulder of mutton, we never ask for a mutton's head; but there is a fruit which changes its name still oftener: grapes are so called while fresh, raisins when dried, and plums when in a pudding.

Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a donkey who was making day hideous with his unearthly brayings. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, and then, turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: "It's a roine large ear that bird has for music, Pat; but shure he has a bad cowld!"

"Please give me something to eat; I've not had a warm mouthful in a week." "Here, my good man, is a plate of nice hot soup for you," replied the cook. "Hot soup?" he howled. "Haven't you got something else? This makes the fifth plate of hot soup I've had to the last hour. It is not healthy to put so much hot soup on an empty stomach."

He entered the coal office with a small market basket on his arm. "Give me a ton of coal." "Yes, sir," replied the coal merchant; "where shall I send it?" "Oh, just put it in this basket; I'll carry it home myself." "But we have a wagon right here and can send it at once." "No; I can carry the coal easy enough, but you might send the bill up in a wagon."

He called for gin, and in a calm, unembarrassed sort of way filled his glass to the brim. "See here, my friend," expostulated the bartender, "that is gin you are pouring out, and not water." The customer eyed him rebukingly over the top of the glass, as he slowly drained its contents. "Mister," he said, in a hurt tone of voice, "do I look like a man who would drink that much water?"

A man from Columbus, O., visited New York, went to church, and seated himself, without hesitation in the nearest pew. Soon the owner came in, eyed the stranger critically, and then writing, "My Pew!" on the fly-leaf of his prayer-book, handed it to the intruder. The Ohio man read the message, smiled a beautiful smile, and wrote underneath, "Nice pew. What did you pay for it?"

Some husbands are too solicitous about the health of their wives. While out walking, Mrs. Duzenbury stopped in front of the show window of a milliner and exclaimed, "What a beautiful assortment of hats!" "Come on quick, Lonisa! You will catch cold and die if you stand still on that grating after you have been walking fast. I can't let you run such risks," said the careful, affectionate husband; and, before Mrs. Duzenbury could decide what kind of a bonnet to select, she was hurried past the dangerous spot.

AVOID the dangerous use of calomel or oil, and pleasantly purge the system with Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value, that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines,

"There is no denying the virtue of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a branch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets. Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N. Y.

CANVASSERS wanted for a book just out. Send name on postal, H. M. BROCKSTEDT, Box 320, St. Louis, Mo.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Humphreys' Homeopathic

Specific No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

$200 REWARD

In Gold Watches, &c.

THE first one-hundred persons answering this advertisement before APRIL 25, '85, we will give to the first, one Solid Gold Stem Winding and Setting Lady's Watch FREE, worth $50; to the 2nd person, One Solid 18K. Real Diamond Ring, worth $30; the 3d, One Solid Silver Watch worth $15; 4th, One Solid Gold Lady's Bar Pin, worth $8; 5th, One Silver Plated Table Caster, worth $6; and to each of the next five persons, Six Silver Plated Forks or Tea Spoons, worth $2.25 per set; to each of the next ten persons, Six Nickel Plated Fruit Knives and Nut Picks in Satin Lined Case, worth $2 per set; to each of the next 50 persons, One Solid Gold Engraved Band Ring, worth $1.25; and to each of the next 50 persons, 1 Beautiful Brocaded Silk Handkerchief, worth 70 cents. Each person answering this advertisement send us 10 cts. in Postage Stamps and we will send them for the next 2 years samples of our new styles of Imported Cards as fast as issued, also 40 Imported and Perfumed Cards with your name on and 20 samples of our goods with which you can make from $2 to $5 per day, rain or shine. Address ACME PUBLISHING CO., Cliftonville, Conn.

The Great American Novel.

So long looked for and so frequently announced, has at last been written. Its title is

"RAMONA."

A Story, by Helen Jackson, (H. H.) The *Atlantic Monthly* says of the author that she is "a Murillo in literature," and that the story "is one of the most artistic creations of American literature." Says a lady, herself an author, "to me it is the most distinctive piece of work we have had in this country since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and its exquisite finish of style is beyond that classic." "The book is truly an American novel," says the *Boston Advertiser*. "'Ramona' is one of the most charming creations of modern fiction," says Charles D. Warner in the *Hartford Courant*. "The romance of the story is irresistibly fascinating," says *The Independent*. Sold everywhere. If you cannot secure it, send the price, $1.50, to the publishers, who will mail it, postpaid.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

50 Handsomest Satin Finish Embossed Chromo Cards you ever saw, with name, and 10 cent, 10c. 3 pks. & Beautiful Prize, 25c. Parker & Co., Meriden, Ct.

New Publications.

"The Bride's Fate," by Mrs. Emma D. E. Southworth is the sequel to her "Changed Brides," and is one of her greatest and strongest novels. It is a mine of startling incidents and possesses absorbing interest, every page displaying Mrs. Southworth's rare genius and unrivalled power. The plot is grandly contrived, its main theme being the restoration to Drusilla, the heroine, of her husband, Alexander Lyon, through the instrumentality of her baby son, one of the most delightful children ever depicted in fiction. Anna Lyon, Dick Hammond, General Lyon, and, in fact, all the old characters, reappear, while many new personages give diversity to the fascinating narrative. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Publishers. Price 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Babyhood is the title of a new monthly. It is devoted to the best ideas on the subject of taking care of children, and will no doubt prove most valuable to the class for whom intended. Price 15 cents per number. Published at 18 Spruce Street New York.

The February *Wide Awake* opens with a Frontispiece by Hassam, The Dove's Breakfast, and a songful poem, The Snow Bird, by Hezekiah Butterworth. Then follows: Our Venture, a true California story. As a pendant to this realistic story, comes a fanciful one by Edwin D. Mead, entitled Where was Coo Coo? with eight drawings by F. Childe Hassam. There are two capital humorous stories also: What the Storm Did, by Anna Eichberg; and Some International Gingerbread, by Margaret Bertha Wright; these have a delightful foreign atmosphere, while A Boy's Truth, by Mrs. Abbie M. Gannett, is as decidedly American. The Serial Stories are a strong element of interest; Down the Ravine, Charles Egbert Craddock's serial, has several especially dramatic situations. The third chapter of Yan Phou Lee's series, "When I was a Boy in China" relates to Chinese Cookery, and in A Dahabeeah-Wreck, Julian Arnold gives us a good picture of life on the Nile. There is a fine art paper, on Water Color, in the Chautauqua Readings, by the Boston artist, Mrs. Whitman, a fine historical paper, on Edward the Sixth, by Miss Kingsley, another by Edward Everett Hale, about King Arthur, also an important Temperance article by Prof. Palmer of Michigan University. There are many illustrated poems, among them The Danish Emigrants, a true incident delightfully told by Clara Doty Bates, and as delightfully illustrated by F. H. Garrett. Wide Awake is $3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

When a drama has proved successful, it is customary for the audience to call the author before the curtain. They have a curiosity to see what sort of man it is that created the play that has amused and instructed them. There is something very much like this in regard to our great newspapers; their editorial utterances are all anonymous, but there is generally a tradition of some half-shadowy personage who has established the journal, given it its character, and constantly directs it; and the public like to have him come before the curtain now and then in his own person. This Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, has done in the March number of the *North American Review*, to which he contributes an article on The Revival of Sectionalism. In the same number, Archdeacon Farrar presents his views on Future Retribution, and Prof. N. K. Davis discusses The Moral Aspects of Vivisection in a way that brings together nearly everything that any person of note has said on the subject. Max Muller describes the astonishing ideas of the Buddhists on the subject of Charity, and George John Romanes opens up a great subject with an article on Mind in Men and Animals. The other articles are one by President Gilman Titles (chiefly scholastic), one by Judge John A. Jameson on Speculation in Politics, and one by John W. Johnson on Railway Land-grants. The North American Review, New York.

The variety and readableness of its articles, for which the *Popular Science Monthly* easily holds a leading place, are well maintained in the March number. It has the following contents: Science in Politics; The Darwinian Theory of Instinct; Medical Expert Testimony; How Fungi Live in Winter, illustrated; Cholera, Its Modes of Propagation; A Project in Industrial Education; The Painless Extinction of Life, illustrated; Fish and Fishing in Chinese Waters; The Accurate Measurement of Time; Chemistry of Bookery; A Naturalist's Excursion in Dominica; The Parental Foresight of Insects; Sketch of M. De Quatrefages, with portrait; Editor's Table—The Bad Logic of Materialism; The Conflict of Language Studies; Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Facetiæ.

Birds that never fly—Weathercocks.

What king of paper most resembles a sneeze? Tissue paper.

When is a soldier like a carpenter? When he is going to drill.

That which makes all women equally pretty—Putting out the light.

That which makes everybody sick but those who swallow it—Flattery.

Why is there nothing like leather? Because it is the sole support of man.

As any man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches.

How can you make a real cowslip in the winter? Grease a cow's hoofs, and place her on the ice.

Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer as well as winter? Because at either season it is always grateful when coaled.

A young lady at a ball the other evening referred to her gentleman escort as an Indian; "for," said she, "he's always on my trail."

What is the remedy that ought to be applied both to an old shirt and a truant schoolboy? Collar him first, and cuff him afterwards.

In all human probability there never lived a man or a woman who did not candidly believe that, whatever else they might be ignorant of, at least they knew how to write for the newspapers.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

A Pretty Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and, not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures

Hereditary Baldness.

GEORGE MAYER, *Flatonia, Texas*, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is *not a dye*, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is

Turning Gray.

MRS. CATHERINE DEAMER, *Point of Rocks, Md.*, had her hair suddenly blanched by fright, during the late civil war. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.

Scalp Diseases

Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It cured HERBERT BOYD, *Minneapolis, Minn.*, of intolerable **Itching of the Scalp**; J. N. CARTER, JR., *Occoquan, Va.*, of **Scald Head**; MRS. D. V. S. LOVELACE, *Lovelaceville, Ky.*, of **Tetter Sores**; Miss BESSIE H. BEDLOE, *Burlington, Vt.*, of **Scalp Disease** and **Dandruff**. Torpidity of the roots of the hair, which, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As

A Toilet Luxury

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has no equal. It is colorless, cleanly, delightfully perfumed, and has the effect of making the hair soft, pliant, and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

FREE A set of Toy Parlor Furniture consisting Chairs, Sofa, Piano & Stool, Clock, Easy Chairs, Screens, Rugs, Vases, &c., made in imitation of the most fashionable Plush and Ebony Parlor Suits, and "Happy Days," the popular 16p. illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls, 3 months for 10c. to pay cost of this advertisement. Address Publishers of HAPPY DAYS, HARTFORD, CONN.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING Outfits from $3.00 to $500.00. SIMPLE. EASY. PROFITABLE. 90 page Catalogue for 10 cents. NATIONAL TYPE CO., Philad'a, Pa.

156 New Scrap Pictures and Tennyson's Poems mailed for 10c. Capital Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

SURE CURE for epileptic fits; slow spasms free to the Sufferer. Dr. Kruse, 930 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BEST WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $20 to $30 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.

100,000 ROYAL PRESENTS!!

— AND A —

Long Loan at a Very Low Rate.

THE publishers of the **Chicago Post and Courier** desire to secure 100,000 subscribers. Only 37,000 more subscribers needed before the Grand Distribution takes place, April 25, 1885. For 50 cents we will mail you our paper 6 months on trial, and immediately send you a numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following presents. All these presents will be given to those new 100,000 subscribers.

PARTIAL LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY:

10 Cash presents of $1,000 each; 10 U. S. Bonds, $500 each; 10 U. S. Greenbacks, $100 each; 100 U. S. Greenbacks, $10 each; 1,000 cash Presents of $1 each; 1 Grand Square Piano; 1 Grand Cabinet Organ; 100 Ladies' Gold Watches, $40 each; 100 Silver Hunting-Case Watches, $20 each; 100 Stem-Winding Nickel-Case Watches, $8 each; 50 Ladies' Chatelaine Watches, $10 each; 50 Boys' Silver Watches, $10 each; 200 Waterbury Watches, $3.50 each; 50 Ladies' Gold Neck Chains, $15 each; 50 Gents' Gold Chains, $25 each; 20 Ladies' Gold Bracelets, $15 each; 10 Silver Dinner Services, $100 each; 10 Silver Tea Sets, $60 each; 10 Sets Parlor Furniture, $100 each; 500 Solid Gold Rings, $3 each; 500 Sets Solid Silver Teaspoons, 6 to a set; 5 Bicycles, $50 each; 1 matched pair Trotting Horses, $1,000; 500 pairs Ladies' Roller Skates; 500 pairs Boys' Roller Skates; and hundreds of other useful and valuable presents, which we can not enumerate here. All the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner. Presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Every person sending us 50 cents for a 6 months' trial subscription to our paper is also privileged to apply for a loan, to be made out of advertising profits, the amount borrowed being permitted to remain unpaid as long as the borrower remains a subscriber and keeps the interest paid. On the basis of 250,000 circulation (which will probably be doubled) the business and profits will approximate as follows: **RECEIPTS**—250,000 yearly subscribers, $250,000; 1,000 inches advertising, $250 per line, $25 per inch, 24 issues, $600,000; total, $850,000. **EXPENSES**—For paper and press work, 250,000 copies, 24 issues, $240,000; editorial work, office, repairs, etc., $25,000; 100,000 Presents, $50,000; total, $315,000; leaving a net profit of $535,000. For this enormous profit for sale of advertising space the **Chicago Post and Courier** depends on its 250,000 subscribers, for advertisers pay for space in proportion to circulation. With but 25,000 circulation the profits would be but a tenth of the amount. Therefore as subscribers are doing us a favor when they send us their names, we desire to return favor for favor. Any subscriber who desires to borrow from $100 to $500 at 4 per cent., the principal to stand if desired, as long as the borrower remains a subscriber, should so state when he sends us 50 cents for a 6 months' trial subscription to our paper.

CONDITIONS: Loans made pro rata, not less than $100 nor more than $500. First year's interest at 4 per cent. to be deducted from amount loaned. Your individual note is all the security asked, provided you will send the names of several of your neighbors to whom we can refer—not as to the amount of property you are worth but as to your good character. Every subscriber must positively agree to show the paper and present to his friends and neighbors. When a loan is made, the adjoining form of note will be sent with the money to the subscriber's nearest bank or express office, and no note need be signed until the money is paid over. Send the names of several references, and immediate inquiry will be made. If no loan is desired, no references need be sent.

One year after date, for value received, I promise to pay to the order of the publisher of *Chicago Post and Courier* the sum of..... dollars, with interest at 4 per cent. per annum after maturity. It is understood and agreed that no part of the principal of this note will be demanded or become payable (except at my pleasure), as long as I remain a paid-up subscriber to the above named paper.

(Signed).....

900 GOLD WATCHES FREE!

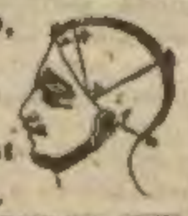
WHO WILL SEND THE QUICKEST!

In making up the above list of presents, we decided to reserve $9,000 to be divided equally among the first 900 subscribers received. If you send 50 cents you will be entitled to one receipt good for one present, and if your letter is among the first 900 received you will also be entitled to a beautiful gold watch. The watch is one third larger than the picture. We will send a printed list of the awards, free, and all presents will be forwarded to holders of receipts as they may direct. A list of watch winners will be published in our paper. The 50 cents you send us is the regular price for 6 months, therefore you pay nothing for the present. Subscribe at once. Don't wait a day. We will send you the paper 9 months and 2 numbered receipts good for 2 presents, if you send us 75 cents. Send $1 and the paper will be mailed you 1 year and 3 receipts good for 3 presents. Get 5 friends to join you, and send $2.50, and we will send the paper 6 months and 1 numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and 1 extra for your trouble. Positively no further postponement. Send 10 subscribers, with $5, and we will send you 12 subscriptions and 12 receipts. This offer is good only until **April 25, 1885.** We have 37,000 subscribers already, and only require 63,000 more to have the desired number. Our old patrons and subscribers, whom we number by thousands, should go to work at once and help us increase our list by this grand and generous offer.

You can get this Gold Watch for 50 Cts. If you Send at once.

ONLY 50 CENTS Secures our paper 6 months on trial and one receipt good for one present. **As to our reliability, we refer to any Bank or Mercantile Agency.** Remember these are presents to our subscribers, given to them absolutely free. This is a chance of a lifetime, *the true path way to your future fortune. Every subscriber gets a prize. A fortune may be yours if you will but stretch forth your hand to receive it.* It costs only 50 cents to try—*is it possible you will let it pass?* Postage stamps taken from places where a Postal Note can not be obtained. Remit by Postal Note, plain envelope or express. Address Chicago Post and Courier, Morrison Bld'g, Cor. Clark St. and Calhoun Place, Chicago, Ill.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE month of February brings a lull in the production of novelties; all the winter modes, except, perhaps, those referring to ball toilettes, are settled, and novelty must be sought in new ways of making use of the resources in materials and styles already at our command. In this direction there is, fortunately, plenty to record; the New Year's visits were always a signal for the appearance of numberless handsome toilettes prepared expressly for the occasion, and the pleasure ladies find in calling on and congratulating their relations and friends is not unmixed with the agreeable sensation of knowing themselves to be well and stylishly dressed, the fashionable costume be supplemented by the most bewitching capote the modiste can devise.

It need hardly be said that the smaller the capote the more fashionable it is; velvet either drawn flat over the shape, or bouillonne on it, is the material most used, but always to accord with the dress. A very pretty model in violet velvet, but equally suitable for any other color, has the small crown covered with a skillfully pleated drapery of velvet; the brim, very flat at the sides, is arranged in a large full bouillonne at the top. In the centre of this puff is a small humming bird, and behind and above it is a plume of feather tips, in a lighter shade of violet, falling from the centre in a kind of parasol shape, and fastened in by a bow of satin ribbon to match. The short narrow strings, tied in a small bow under the chin, are of similar ribbon.

Another model, in ashes of roses velvet, has the crown covered with a flat piece of velvet arranged in place by means of a few small pleats on either side. The brim is rather open, and lined with white velvet barred with gold. A bow of ashes of roses ribbon velvet nestles under the brim and rests upon the hair. Rouleautes of velvet divide the brim from the crown, and border the chapeau at the back, and the narrow strings are of velvet ribbon. The ornaments consist of two small dark birds on the left side, with a plume of white marabouts tipped with gold rising behind them in the centre of the chapeau.

Hats are more varied in shape than bonnets, but even in these, the newest models are small in size. A novel hat in bronze felt has a curiously-shaped, plush-covered brim, resembling the hull of a ship, and rising well above the forehead. A band of plush encircles the crown, and in front is a large butterfly bow of Moorish embroidery, in many-hued silks, on a ground of snot-bronze and flame-colored silk; the bow is fastened on with fancy pins. A most becoming hat in rich dark green velvet has a high straight crown, and narrow brim turned up sharply on each side. Three bands of velvet, divided by narrow rows of silver braid, cover the crown; on the left side is a plume of water-green feather tips, mingled with loops of silver braid, and a long silver pin thrust into the hat behind the feathers shows its head here, and its point rests on the brim in front. This very elegant chapeau is worn with a jacket of light grey striped cloth, open at the neck over a small plastron of dark green velvet, with a deep collar band to match, and the neck of the jacket is finished off with a turned-down collar of similar green velvet.

The only mode that can be truly said to be universal is that of jackets, with basques of varying depth, never, however, exceeding eight inches; for very slender figures the basques may be exceedingly short, but longer basques are more becoming when the figure has lost its first useful slimness. If the basque is long it is often opened at each seam to the waist, if the edge is trimmed; sometimes it is only opened about half-way up, and then pleats are formed underneath. The basque at the back is pleated in round or fluted pleats, or else ornamented with revers. The collar is straight, and the sleeves are of a convenient size; the front is either double-breasted, with a single revers, or it may be open over a waistcoat.

Jackets are trimmed in many different ways, and a great number are not trimmed at all. Braids of every description are employed; metallic, beaded, embroidered with chenille, or formed of chenille plaits; the lower edge of the braid is further ornamented with drops or pendants to match in many cases. Very narrow bands of fur are a favorite trimming, and these are sometimes sewn on under the edge, forming a kind of fur fringe only. A plastron, or large revers of the same fur is an admirable addition, and gives a very stylish cachet to the vestment. Sealskin and real astrakan are the furs chiefly used in this way.

The buttons are large and very ornamental; many are of metal, in the same color as the material, but buttons are also made of antique silver, of burnished steel, with a boar's head in relief, on a jacket of mouse-grey cloth, of gold on chamois color, or nut-brown on green, a color that is fashionable in all shades, from verdigris to the darkest tints of Russian and bottle green.

Fur pelerines are worn larger than last year, and pelerines are also made of velvet, plush and silk, ornamented with a large fur revers and a high stand-up fur collar. Smooth furs, such as beaver, sealskin, and astrakan, are the kinds preferred for this purpose.

A new mantle, intended as a carriage wrap, is made of dark blue cloth, pinked out in large saw-teeth scallops at the edge; under this, and showing beyond it, is a similar band of pinked out scallops in red cloth. Bows of blue velvet, lined and bound with red satin and falling in very long loops, form the trimming.

Hoods are again becoming fashionable, especially on pelerines and on the small mantelets with turned under sleeves, which at first sight look like pelerines; the hoods are usually lined with silk or satin, but fur is occasionally used.

A new style of redingote is worth mentioning, for it is far more elegant in appearance than the ordinary form of this useful vetement. The foundation is a tight-fitting sleeveless redingote of grey ottoman, with pleats at the back. The sleeve is of ottoman and plush pekin, in the same shade; it falls in a straight panel, with the stripes downwards, from the shoulder nearly to the edge, the front part forming a small sleeve, and the back carved gradually to the waist, where it ends under a passementerie ornament heading the plaits. The vetement is fastened in front by cord brandenburgha, and a stand-up plush collar completes it at the neck.

Dresses for morning outdoor wear are of the simplest, but also of the most comfortable description. The most stylish models are those that are made of the roughest materials; frieze, such as was used for monkish gowns, buffalo cloth, and molleton, are made up without draperies, or trimming of any kind. The skirts are full, and put in at the waist with several rows of gathers; the corsage resembles a habit bodice in its severe simplicity, and is very short on the hips and pointed at the back. In front is a double-breasted plastron fitting as closely as possible, and plainly bound with ribbed braid, which is continued round the edge of the bodice. Far back on the left side is a long bow of woollen braid, falling very much like a nun's chaplet. A slender, supple figure looks to the greatest advantage in this style of costume, but the short basques are an impossibility for the short-waisted. For outdoor wear the corsage is covered by the small jacket of plain or ribbed cloth, following the curves of the figures closely, and provided with side-pockets, into which the well-gloved hands are not infrequently thrust. Cloth costumes are also made with waistcoats of sealskin or astrakan.

The majority of the new fabrics introduced this season have been mentioned in former articles, but a few recent novelties must also be noted. One of these is popelinette broche with satin; this is employed for visiting and reception toilettes; velvet, with small broche figures in colors; ottoman, with very wide ribs, made in white for bridal dresses, and also in black and colors; brocade on an armure ground; embossed plushes; and fabrics, with lace-like patterns in velours frise on a light ground, are some of the richest of these new materials, and will combine well with faille, satin merveilleux, and velvet.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

SOME novel screens, which are now beginning to appear in well and artistically furnished drawing rooms, are called "harp screen," and are, I believe, copies of old French ones. They resemble the form of a harp in the upper part, with the small end cut off, if I may so express it, and each panel is a size smaller than the preceding one. There are four panels, and they are usually of velvet, in old fashioned shades, with glass inserted in the upper part. They are placed near the fireplace, and drawn out into the room, the tallest panel being nearest the wall. A quaint notion is to fix a stuffed bird on to the top of a medium sized screen, such as a parrot, owl, a pair of turtle doves, and even a squirrel. The screen is sometimes painted to correspond with a thick bough straying across from the side, or a rising mass of rushes, grass, leaves from the vase, against a shaded back ground, roughly painted in oils. But this is not compulsory, and the stuffed bird is often just placed on the top, near one end of the screen, with a scarf of olive or red plush loosely thrown under its claws. Plush mirror frames sometimes have a bird on top, at one corner, and the mate below, at the opposite one, looking down and up at each other. The pretty, graceful fashion of draping a length of plush, or an odd curtain, to one side of a mirror, is now extended to large ones; while to take away any bare look on the other side, a bracket, corresponding with the frame as far as possible, is fixed on lower than half way, and an ornament placed on it holding a flowering palm, or tall sprays of greenery, peacock feathers, bulrushes or anything else of an imposing appearance. The drapery usually extends across the top and half way down, or else all the way down and only half across the glass. Cream lace and two colored curtains, if well colored, are sometimes festooned together.

One of the last ideas is to paint the lower panes of windows, using oils and drying oil, which renders the work impervious to friction and impossible to get off, unless by scraping; a great deal of taste can be discerned in the varied specimens of decoration. Painting on glass is still greatly affected, and the glass doors of old fashioned side-boards and cabinets can be beautified exceedingly in this way. The newest painted wooden mirror and photograph frames are shaded first from light to deep neutral shadow, and have upright flowers springing from base or side, painted on afterward. Painted salt jars with the lids, are still given as presents to gentlemen, for holding tobacco. Fancy scarfs are now tied in and out of the backs of cane-seated chairs, sailor-knot style. The Bulgarian embroideries, Russian and Roumian work are displayed thus with good effect. All sorts of foreign brocades and Oriental embroideries are now used for covering small tables, fastening on the back of sofas or hiding the back of a cottage piano. Some long pieces are arranged as mantelshelf coverings, by being laid on, drawn back at each end to form the overhanging valance and allowed to fall long at each end. There are ready made valances now sold for mantel shelves, of two and a half yards length, called French tapestry. It is rich in hue and design, with intersected gold lines, is varied in width, and moderate in price. Small squares of the same are much sold for covering the deal tops of the cheap but effective tables, with ornamental legs. Square table cloths are put on with the pointed corners at the sides of the table, and not, as formerly, at the four legs. The little tables, with the tops shaped like hearts, are newer than the milking stools. They stand from twenty inches to twenty-five inches high, and the heart is of good size. They are colored bright red, malachite green, or shaded from yellow to orange brown. A spray of flowers, a flight of swallows or some other design usually adorns the top, and continues a little way down one leg.

Lamp shades are as much in request as ever, if not more so. In every well appointed room lamps, softened, by red or canary colored silk shades, stand on tables in the corners, or midst the tall, large leafed plants now so fashionable. Some lamps have as supports the tall, with its rich red plumage, or a group of small birds, or a single large one. The lamp itself is so arranged as to take out of its feathered stand, and so prevent any chance of damage in cleaning. Large paper bees, made in black and yellow tissue paper over wire, are the last ornaments for lightly attaching to shades. They are giant bees, measuring about five inches in length, and can be had in pink and black and yellow and black stripes. Colored butterflies of various sizes are also to be seen scattered over other shades. Some lamps are covered by what resembles a square handkerchief of pale colored crepe silk, with a hole in the centre for the glass chimney to pass through. Hanging lamps, in imitation of the old-fashioned lanterns set in iron work, are to be seen now in rooms and on staircases. These lanterns were shown in the iron-workers' shops in the Old London Streets at the Health Exhibition of the last season, and have been copied in numbers since. They are suspended from a bracket, also in ironwork, at a distance from the wall.

Fancy matting is now used as a dado round rooms. It can be had in a few colors, and is selected to harmonize with the general tone of the room. Sometimes a shelf is to be seen just above it, running round the room, occupied by pieces of quaint pottery and various knicknacks. A painted frieze round the top of the walls is also fashionable, and is usually the handiwork of the lady of the house or a friend. In the dining room or library the frieze is a great improvement. It is painted on dull gold American cloth or bronze, or any color considered most suitable for the room. Moorish carving, which of late has been rather liberally imported, is adapted to all sorts of purposes, and is now being copied by amateurs who have taken up wood carving. For screens, window blinds or piano backs and fitted into doors it is very effective. The painting white of the interior of houses has now extended to the woodwork round the outside of all the windows. The white lace or muslin curtains that adorn these windows are tied with old gold scarfs of tolerable breadth.

Some pretty little menu holders are of glass, backed like a mirror, about the size of a large locket, with the crest or monogram of the owner engraved in the centre. Other menu holders have embossed silver edges, resembling carte-de-visite frames, and some have handles, while others stand upright. These have recently been given as wedding gifts.

Afternoon teacloths are frequently trimmed with coarse lace, worked roughly over in colored silks. Some novel ones are of cream oatmeal cloth braided in gold.

Correspondence.

A. L. H.—Dynamite is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, which rhymes with pin.

ALCOHOL.—The meaning of the term "proof," as applied to spirits, is that, having been tested or "proved," they are found to come up to the proper standard of strength.

CONSTANT.—We know of no remedy for "fast-growing feet;" but you need be under no apprehension. Your feet cannot go on growing forever and at your age they have probably done nearly all they intend to do in that direction.

P. M.—The present doctrine is that a child of citizens of the United States born abroad is a citizen, and if otherwise qualified he may be President. A child born in the United States is a citizen of the United States, whether his parents are citizens or aliens.

ANXIOUS.—You had better place yourself in the hands of a local medical man. He will tell you whether there is any necessity for the operation you speak of, and, if there is, will advise you to whom to go. You must not think of using the instrument yourself.

C. D. N.—1. We cannot make use of the clipping you enclose. If you send a stamp for it, it will be returned to you. 2. You will see an answer to the question of ebonizing wood in the Scientific and Useful of last week's Post. 3. We will try to answer your other question through the same medium as soon as possible.

MAUDE.—The Rev. H. W. Beecher's Church doctrine is that known as Congregational. Its tenets are made up of the various prominent Protestant beliefs, and we believe, is subject to no higher authority than its own. In other words the congregation itself rules and passes upon all matters pertaining to the church spiritually and otherwise. President Arthur's housekeeper was his sister, Mrs. McElroy.

A. M. S.—The story of Cymon and Iphigenia is told by Dryden in the poem of that name, and was derived by him from the Italian of Boccaccio. Cymon was the brutish Prince of Cyprus, whose higher faculties remained dormant until they were awakened into activity by the grace and beauty of Iphigenia. The lesson the legend teaches is, in Dryden's own words, "When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind."

G. H. H.—The standard time adopted November, 1883, takes the meridian of Greenwich for its starting place, and changes time at intervals of one hour covering fifteen degrees of the earth's surface. Atlantic time is that of the 75th meridian, and is five hours slower than Greenwich time, or about Philadelphia local time. It extends West to Pittsburg, where Central or St. Louis time begins, being the time of the 90th meridian. The 100th meridian gives Rocky Mountain time, and the 120th Pacific time, which is three hours slower that Atlantic time.

READER.—St. Blasey is a corruption of St. Blasius, who was a Bishop of Sebaste, in Cappadocia, martyred 316. Tradition tells that during his missionary wanderings he landed where St. Blazey in England now stands (then a creek and port, now nearly a mile inland) and converted many. A church called by his name was afterwards raised on the same site, where the present more recent building was erected. On returning to his diocese the saint was martyred, during a persecution which ensued, by being scraped to death with weavers' combs; it is said milk ran from his wounds. Probably on account of the instrument of his torture, he is the patron saint of weavers, and his day is February 3rd.

F. H. G.—1. So far as we know, the book entitled "Letters and Works" of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, issued in 1838, is not now in publication; but you could, no doubt, obtain a copy by inquiry at second-hand bookstalls, or by watching the second-hand booksellers' catalogues. 2. It is not at all unlikely that her ladyship, who was famous for her smart sayings, made the remark you have seen attributed to her—"It goes far to reconcile me to being a woman when I reflect that I am therefore in no danger of marrying one." 3. It is quite true that inoculation was introduced by this lady from Turkey. You are probably confusing inoculation with vaccination, which it is the glory of Jenner to have discovered. Very briefly, the chief difference between the two processes is that in inoculation the matter is taken direct from a small-pox pustule, while in vaccination it is obtained either directly or indirectly from the calf.

APPLICANTS.—There will be no examinations held under the civil-service rules for clerks or carriers in the Philadelphia Post Office for at least six months. There is at present on the file the names of enough successful applicants to last for a year. The Custom-House list is also full. The next examination there may occur in July or August. As regards competitions for clerkships at Washington they are only held when ordered by the Commission. All that is essential for aspirants is to be possessed of a common-school education, to be well versed in grammar, orthography, arithmetic, penmanship, geography and history. A knowledge of book-keeping is also essential. For the pension service a medical education, or a smattering of anatomy and surgery is requisite. A youth fresh from his school studies stands a far better chance of passing one of these examinations than a man who has a knowledge of the world and the methods of business. The questions are prepared by Professors who are constantly at their studies.

L. C.—The president of a Lyceum, when not presiding, has the same liberty as to voting and speaking as other members. The parliamentary president of a body is the presiding officer for the time being. The presiding officer, from whose decision an appeal is taked, is to be counted in favor of sustaining his own decision, if his vote would change the result, provided he is entitled to a vote in the assembly. If the constitution says that the president shall not vote, the reference is probably to the presiding officer, but that can only be determined from the context. A principal motion voted down can only come up again at the same session period, on a motion to reconsider. In the case of lyceums a "session period" might be constructed to extend over the period of each year in which meetings are held, or during the term of service of a single set of officers. Motions to adjourn, or to take up any special measure, and subsidiary and auxiliary motions generally, may be voted on again and again, provided the same motion is not repeated until some other motion, business or debate intervenes.